

THE COMMONWEAL

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Religious Freedom	29	Is Europe Intelligent?	Joseph Remenyi 44
Week by Week	31	War Debts	Carlo Sforza 46
Current Queries	33	Communications	47
Banking Reform	Gerhard Hirschfeld 35	The Play	Richard Dana Skinner 49
American Art Matures ..	Morton Dauwen Zabel 37	Books	Grenville Vernon, Frederic Thompson, Richard Dana Skinner, John A. Ryan, Shaemas O'Sheel, George N. Shuster 50
The "Oxford Group"	H. A. Jules-Bois 40		
Poverty (<i>verse</i>)	Gertrude Jane Codd 42		
How Shall a Catholic Vote? ...	Charles O. Rice 43		

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RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

THAT vigorous, high-minded and very able exponent of liberal Protestantism, the *Christian Century*, is deeply and properly concerned with those passages in the Pope's recent allocution to the cardinals which condemned Protestant proselytism in Italy, and particularly in Rome. In its number for March 29, it speaks out at length, and with force and cogency, from its own point of view, against not only what it considers to be the irreconcilability of the papal claims with the Protestant principles of religious freedom, but also against what it believes to be the "implicit" appeals to the Italian government to remove the offense of Protestant proselytism "by legal and administrative restrictions." And it calls upon American Catholics, in common with "all groups which wish to enjoy the benefits of perfect equality," to "signify their assent to some such proposition as this: I believe in the complete legal freedom and equality of all religions in all places throughout the world."

Nothing could be more admirable in tone, and scrupulously courteous in expression, than the *Christian Century's* treatment of the difficult and

complex subject. It conducts the controversy on a plane of good temper, although it is firm in its opposition to what it finds unacceptable in the papal allocution. It clearly recognizes the consistency of the papal arguments, once the premises are laid down that, in fact, support those claims. And it demands that the Protestant principles be accorded the same respectful attention that non-Catholics (at least, those of the *Christian Century* way of thinking, and behaving) grant to the full Catholic position. We certainly believe that the Protestant point of view should be given the same fair treatment by Catholics. Obviously, however, the subject opened by our Chicago contemporary is too great, and too complex, to be more than touched at a single point in a brief article. We shall try to confine ourselves to that one point: the point where Catholics differ profoundly from Protestant Christians, the point where Catholics say that liberty must be defined by some authority other than the individual.

The *Christian Century* says that "many Protestants believe that any present attempt to propagate non-Catholic faith in Italy is injudicious,"

but that Protestants have a perfect right, according to "the Protestant theory of religious liberty," to propagate any form of Protestantism in Italy, it is equally certain. In fact, there are many Protestants who see nothing injudicious in attempting to proselytize the Italian Catholics, for they are actively at work attempting to do so. Moreover, the most important American Protestant missionary leaders, such men as Dr. Robert E. Speer and Mr. Henry Guy Inman, have only recently issued a strong appeal to American Protestants to launch a continental crusade to Protestantize all of Latin America, on the ground that Catholicism has lost the moral leadership of the people in all countries south of the Rio Grande, and that only Protestant Christianity can save South and Central America from being conquered by Communism.

At a time when the whole subject of religious liberty has become a world issue of supreme actuality, emphasized by conditions in Russia, Spain, Mexico and elsewhere, it is above all things necessary for Americans, occupying as they do a central and possibly decisive position in the gravest of all social controversies, to use their reason rather than their emotions in considering it. For the times demand that practical actions as well as abstract ideals should be applied to this acute crisis.

It is for this reason that we think that so important a voice of religious thought as the *Christian Century* should be more explicit in its statement of its position than in fact it is. What can it mean by saying that its fundamental axiom is that of "complete legal freedom and equality of all religions in all places throughout the world?" Such a statement seems empty of all reality of meaning to us.

"Religions," unless defined by some standards conformable to a humane, Christian civilization, means nothing at all, or may well contain very sinister and socially destructive meanings in addition to desirable and beneficent meanings. In India, for example, there is a religion, organized to worship and serve the goddess Kali, which is known as Thuggism. One of its chief ritual observances is the strangling of human victims to propitiate that goddess. Would the *Christian Century* favor the granting of "complete legal freedom" to Thuggism in India—or in the United States, if the Thugs sent their missionaries to us—and would it be in favor of placing Thuggism on a plane of equality of status with, let us say, Quakerism?

It may be said that such an argument, being extreme, is absurd. Well, with all respect to our Chicago contemporary, we think that the argument fits the case it presents. For the *Christian Century* rests its argument on an absolute thesis which includes all religions without exception, and Thuggism is a religion.

In the United States, for example, polygamy was preached and practised by the Mormons before the laws of the land, backed by the marshaling of armed force, compelled its cessation. Supposing that the Mormons desired to return to the pure doctrine of their founding fathers, would the *Christian Century* be in favor of the legalizing of polygamy? There are other laws which hamper, at present, the practice of the strict doctrine of Christian Science. Its devotees are still compelled by the laws of the land to report to the legal authorities cases of what that law defines as dangerously infectious or contagious diseases. Yet true Christian Scientists, who constitute an organized religion, hold as doctrine that there is no such thing as physical disease. All the ills to which flesh is heir, they consider to be merely illusions of mortal mind. Laws which compel them to conform to the belief that physical disease is a reality conflict with their religious beliefs and restrict their "complete religious freedom and equality." There are even religious cults or groups, that are definitely organized as such, to worship what they definitely recognize as the principle of evil as part of their object of defying and warring against what they also recognize as the principle of good. And devil-worshippers, consciously such, carry on their religious practices not only in Tibet or other distant places, but in cities of the Western world. The Black Mass is celebrated—or at least certainly has been celebrated—in Paris, and London, and elsewhere. The rites and ceremonies are of a kind that members of other religious groups—the Methodists, for example, to say nothing about Catholics—consider shocking and horrible. We could not describe them in print without running up against other laws which limit the freedom even of publishing a commentary on this religious ritual, were we inclined, in a spirit of religious interest, to write one. Again there are scores of writers who, as professional students of religion, have declared their belief that Communism is in fact essentially a religion. It may or may not be one; but if its own devotees should claim that it was, would the *Christian Century* favor the granting of complete liberty and equality to Communists to do what they, the Communists, believed it was right to do as religious people? For example, to smash all the existing laws of the United States by violence, and "liquidate" all the bourgeois by killing them?

We shall await a definition by the *Christian Century* of the meaning of "complete legal freedom and equality of all religions in all places," before we shall follow it into the rather trackless wilderness of the controversy on religious liberty, as defined by the Catholic Church—a solid and substantial proposition, whether you believe it or not—and the impossibilist position upheld by the exponents of the rights of purely private judgment.

WEEK BY WEEK

HE WHO suffered with the poor, the lonely and the outcast will bless, as He did them, all who in these days of incredible privation help to relieve the misery of their fellow men. And so it is only Christ in New York natural that the Church, perennially commemorating the *transitus Domini*, should do everything possible to meet the demand for aid. For years the Archdiocese of New York has set an example of Catholic charitable action, this becoming indeed the watchword of Cardinal Hayes's rule. The many forms of modern relief work—family aid, juvenile training and shelter, health, immigrant aid—have been dealt with in an intelligent and progressive manner. Quite as much attention has been paid, however, to the spiritual assistance which the priest alone can give, and for which hundreds of thousands seek even as they do for bread. During the past year, perhaps the most difficult in the history of the country, this effort has necessarily been intensified. While private charities can only supplement what is being done by municipal and state relief work financed out of taxes, one is none the less forced to believe that without private organizations like Catholic Charities the picture of the year now ended would be an infinitely more somber one.

THE DRIVE for funds to meet the situation during the coming year will be made from May 1 to May 10. It is hardly necessary to state that the sums expended in the last twelvemonth will be needed again. Nothing undertaken can be dropped; there is, indeed, much room for further development. That being true, the appeal must find those who can give just as ready as ever to heed the invitation. The point does not require emphasis, even to those of us who in the nature of things are in a position to make only small donations. We wish, however, to quote a human and impressive passage from the Cardinal's Pastoral Letter: "My whole being is throbbing these days with deepest gratitude to Our Heavenly Father, to Christ Our Lord, and to you, my dearly beloved of the clergy and laity, for your marvelous accomplishment of the past year, as I realize 'the evidence of your charity, and of our boasting on your behalf,' if I may be permitted to use the words of Saint Paul to the faithful of Corinth for their offerings for the relief of the poor in Jerusalem." That is the point. The Church has been, during two thousand years, the seat of virtue; and the greatest of virtues is charity. The faithful of the Archdiocese have never failed His Eminence and when he says, "I am compelled from a sense of solemn duty to call for heroic effort," we know his people will not disappoint him.

FARM relief and inflation were bound together in the sensational bill to which the Senate said "yes" on April 28. If the distinguished gentlemen who voted for Thumbs Up, the measure knew what they were Thumbs Down doing, their insight is far greater than that of the country at large.

The text indicates nothing more than that the administration tends to believe in the lavish expenditure of cheap money for "prosperity promotion." It does not say that the domestic allotment plan is to be applied to the wheat and cotton industry, or that the dollar is to be stabilized at a lower level, or even that the gold embargo is to remain more or less permanent. All we know is that certain unusual powers have been conferred upon the President and the Treasury Department—powers which make the now old-fashioned Reconstruction Finance Corporation look like a woful amateur in government control of money and business. In case any one of a dozen "ifs" present themselves, experiments can be inaugurated with full centralized use of the nation's wealth. Just what use the Roosevelt group intends to make of the newly conferred authority is as yet a dark mystery. But the markets have already assumed that inflation is to be the watchword of the hour, and advances in stocks and commodities have been registered. The prices, in spite of some fluctuations due to profit taking, seem to be steadily rising.

IT SEEMS to us that much of the effect aimed at is psychological. During Mr. Hoover's two last years in office, the prevailing uncertainty acted as a check on business and an incentive to hoarding. Nobody knew just how far the deflationary process was going to be carried, and everybody hurried to get on a cash basis as speedily as possible. Now uncertainty again prevails—has, as a matter of fact, been stimulated. But this is a different kind of uncertainty. Since no one is sure of how far inflation will go, all are hastening (at least in theory) to get rid of money and acquire low-priced goods in exchange. Perhaps we can essay a comparison with a threatening thunder storm. If one happens to be at home when such a storm comes up, one's desires to venture forth are curbed—i.e., one keeps all available cash. But if you happen to be on the road when the dark clouds appear, you hurry onward—i.e., you invest your money. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt is fomenting in us all the belief that we are on the open highway, with jagged lightning in the northwest. At any rate, Senator Glass made it fairly clear in a pithy and commendable address that there existed no cogent reason for going off the gold standard at all. The room for credit expansion protected by a normal bullion coverage was enormous, and the amounts of gold still awaiting repatriation were very small.

WE HAVE long wished to wage a crusade in defense of the principle that children have two parents. The United Parents' Association now steps smartly into the field ahead of us, by tentatively approving a resolution excluding from full membership any group comprising only one sex: and we all know which sex it would turn out to be. This would mean that mothers' clubs must be transformed into parents' clubs before receiving the Association's complete endorsement; "family membership" would become the rule, and evening meetings making the attendance of fathers possible the requirement. Of course this is the merest external outline of an important reform; dragooning fathers into parent-educator meetings will not of itself accomplish much. But we take it rather as a sign that an intelligent attack is being made, in one quarter at least, on the oft-lamented problem of "feminized" education. Our children are "feminized" from the cradle up, not because mothers assert too much influence, but because fathers in general assert too little; however it has come about, the masculine sense of specific responsibility in this field, masculine study of its problems, above all, the definition of the masculine function, has lagged unreasonably behind the feminine. Our whole society, our clubs, schools, churches, have a perfectly definite duty to make men into good fathers, as they make women, at least by comparison, into good mothers. It is a matter not only of abstract ideals, but of quite concrete training. We hope the Association is pointing the way to a start.

IF THE current conflict between the city of New York and the state of New Jersey regarding the pollution of the latter's beaches by the former's garbage, were of recent origin, one's sympathy would go to the city. It is clearly beyond its power to complete the four great incinerators needed to dispose of its refuse, by June 1, the date set by the United States Supreme Court; only two are even under construction. Lacking the time, and most acutely lacking the money, it stands in danger of being required to post a large bond, and further, of being held in contempt by the highest tribunal of the land. But the conflict is not new. Long before the Supreme Court's order was issued, those concerned with the public health and decency were protesting against the foul and dangerous practice of dirtying the water of the beaches. Protests were drafted, analyses made showing how small a proportion of the coast waters in all of New York's summer radius were reasonably clean. At last, two years ago, the city undertook to build the incinerators—not because it had attained a realization of the sanitary and ethical duty of the world's greatest

metropolis, but because New Jersey took the matter into court. The undertaking has been less than half fulfilled, and the irate state, with twenty-nine seashore towns to protect, is preparing to demand punitive measures. It is hard to feel they would not be justified; the only objection is that the bond would not come out of the pockets of those responsible for the mess.

THAT the non-witty may be the cause of wit in others seems to hold especially for representative assemblies. We would maintain under persecution, for instance, that Senator Long is not witty; yet he elicited, the other day a really witty application of Scripture from Senator Robinson, that had the practically miraculous result of bringing blushes to his cheek and silence to his lips. Similarly, the eight score new members of Congress who, during formal session, "are given to talking, laughing, smoking, eating and reading newspapers," as the press despatch has it, are perhaps not the finished and final example of funniness which our society can give history. Probably more amusing things will be thought up, in the course of time, than for a congressman to bite into a big red apple while an important debate is going on. But the old-timers seem to have been stimulated to the making of some satisfactory quips. A Republican moved the Speaker that "we all sing, so we can make more noise than this hum of conversation," which is a good enough emergency hit; and a Democrat who had the floor evened the party balance by apologizing to a group of talkers for interrupting their remarks. Not for long, though. The new spirits belong mainly to the party in power, and this disadvantage was bound to tell. It was another Republican who asked that "the Democratic political convention in the well of the House adjourn so that we can consider legislation"; and still another who observed grimly, "We're certainly getting democratic!"

ONE OF the perennial disadvantages under which labor those who are so-called brain workers, is the idea that their work is not fatiguing. Wives of such are prone to say, for instance, "Oh shucks, you've been sitting down all day; you're just lazy and sluggish, you're not really tired." Usually the so-called brain worker is shamed into believing this because it doesn't seem right that he should be tired after sitting so long. He goes out feeling like an empty shell and is easily buffeted and bruised on the tides of energy of, say, some bouncing brokers who have gone through a few relatively repetitious mental operations during the day and a good deal more of kinetic thrashing around, and feel pretty

good. This has led no doubt to the legend that writing men who write, haven't much to say in company. It has been our observation, that they have as much to say as anybody, when they are not exhausted.

A DR. STANLEY COBB, reporting some time ago to the American College of Physicians, has come to the aid of the brain users, of those who actually sit and sweat and drive their brains. He noticed, he said, that brain workers who lead a sedentary life often are more hungry after their mental work than after exercising in the open air. His investigations found this to be due to the brain's burning up food, turning it into energy, through the process called metabolism. Scientists have heretofore generally believed that brains had a lower rate of metabolism than muscles because they had fewer capillaries to deliver food and oxygen to them. New experiments show, however, that there is a higher and more constant rate of metabolism carried on by the fewer brain capillaries than by the more numerous muscle capillaries. This we offer as a helpful alibi for a small group of sufferers. Let those who have been thinking hard and sustainedly not think that they are not truly tired and that they do not need rest, real relaxing rest. The idea that violent exercise is good for them at such time, for "a change," is liable to be fatal.

SHEER, exquisite beauty that evokes joy, a real joy in being alive to know such beauty, was our experience of the exhibition of flower paintings by Leon Dabo, as an Art now at the Knoedler Gallery in Amenities New York until May 15. This is a rare opportunity in our day and it is one that we wish as many as possible will share. Mr. Dabo has no ulterior motives beyond capturing the finest, as far as his devotion of a lifetime allows him, the final perfection of beauty. He has had exceptional opportunities of travel and association and of knowledge. His work is beyond the importunacies of argument and didacticism about method or schools, in the clear, timeless atmosphere of beauty. Keats familiar phrase is here inevitably apt. Those unlearned in the various lexicons of art can appreciate these pictures, and a sage whose head was crammed with the subject would have to be full of some debilitating bile not to be stirred with pleasure by them. The familiar gallery phrase about "art that can be lived with," is here exemplified. To be able to see daily one of these crystal-clear identifications of beauty, would be, in all reverence, daily to renew the youth of one's spirit.

MR. DABO studied under both John La Farge and Whistler. The lovely, restrained intellectual-

ism of La Farge, that calm that comes of appreciating the timelessness of perfect beauty, may have been suggested by him to his pupil. We can only conjecture at this; we know that Mr. Dabo has this quality, and it is one that great artists in all times have shared. Even in the picturing of torture and movement, there is the seal of the stillness of the everlasting moment in their work. And the subtlety that is so rare a quality in art today—to the regret of not a few, for sign-painters can be unsubtle; there is practically no limit in that direction—that intelligent subtlety of Whistler which was the refinement of elimination, Mr. Dabo has too; again in common with more fine artists than it is necessary to name. Extreme forms of modern art have eliminated subject in painting because, it is said, a composition of colors on canvas is all that a picture in fact can be. Mr. Dabo is way beyond that: the composition is there, and the beautiful symphonies of his backgrounds and the satisfying and convincing tones and forms of his flowers, are paint and canvas plus intelligence, plus a soul, plus a simple, fine love of things.

CURRENT QUERIES

IN A CIVILIZATION like ours, liberty may come to seem a quite undesirable possession. That is a curious truth, but it is a truth and has more bearing upon the situation in which we find ourselves than is customarily imagined. Recently, for example, the House of Representatives was startled by a request, apparently submitted by the State Department, to make the publication of any information of an official character sent from one division of the government to another, or from a foreign government to its representatives in this country, a treasonable offense. So completely was the House rushed off its feet that only twenty-nine members voted against the measure. It has since been redrafted in the Senate, so that the penalties will no doubt be imposed only upon the publishers of confidential coded matter. Apparently, as the *World Tomorrow* remarks, the cause of the excitement was one Yardley who has issued books purporting to tell the story of how he was employed to intercept and decode messages sent from Tokyo to Japanese delegates to the Washington Arms Conference of 1922. Since further statements by Yardley could only serve to foment the anger of the Nipponese, something had to be done to silence him. Therefore the measure was suggested to Congress.

This sample is important because two kinds of "freedom" are involved. The first is the right of an individual employee to divulge information which may be prejudicial to the general welfare, and beyond that the right of the public to secure and talk about under-cover actions of their gov-

ernment. The second is best put in the form of a question: has the government itself any decent excuse for violating a well-established code of ethics in order to serve a given purpose? One extant instance of the first is the attack upon Republican opponents of inflation during the past few weeks. It seemed to have been forgotten that we still possess a parliamentary form of government, the purpose of which is to assure debate on measures as dangerous and untried as inflation doubtless is. Instances of the second abound in all countries. We have been told by a recent professorial writer on Russia that the Soviet system is desirable because, if there were enough food to go around, the system would see to it that every worker got some. By every worker the professor meant, of course, everybody who came out for the Soviet system. This little limitation he appears to have overlooked. Yet what a cry would go up if Tammany afforded city relief only to loyal Democrats, or if Mr. Ford paid wages only to loyal Republicans!

As a whole the democratic ideal of a social order seems obviously badly threatened. We no longer feel sure about the liberties of the individual nor about the limitations of government. The reason, of course, is that our definitions of freedom have been at once too simple and too complicated. Throughout the nineteenth century, governments existed in order to make room for private initiative. They devised ways and means of allowing John Jones, trader and industrialist, to use his brains and energies, and under pressure consented merely to try to keep him from using his elbows and knees as well. Involved there was, of course, the emergence of a new class—the burgher, who struggled to rid himself of the grip of the nobility in order to use the machinery for the creation of wealth which had been placed in his hands. The entire struggle for parliamentary privileges of the modern sort has its origin in a class struggle for freedom of work and trade.

If today we are dissatisfied with the outcome of this conflict, if the liberties established seem on the whole of so little value, the reason is primarily the fact that the successful burgher became just as set in his ways as was the old hereditary prince. He refused to concede that liberty was a principle applicable to all, and in particular the inner motive of cultural advancement. The poor man, the worker, the teacher, the artist, have been penalized so heavily that the word freedom no longer possesses much meaning for them. In Chicago we have witnessed, quite recently, a most illuminating scene. Five thousand penniless, half-starved, badly dressed men and women lined up in front of a bank presided over by a former Vice-President of the United States. They looked like a mob, and Mr. Dawes told them they were a mob. But in all truth they were the teachers of

the city! Did the former Vice-President bow in reverence to them as the professors of learning, as a mediaeval chieftain would have bowed to monkish scholars? He did not. From his lofty position as a banker, he informed them that the question of their destiny was a purely political one, regarding which he as an individual had nothing to say.

Here we can find symbolized all the meaninglessness, all the insecurity, of the non-possessing group today. It has been said time and time again that in this crisis people are starving in the midst of plenty. Yet nobody has as yet quite exhausted the meaning of this statement. The fact is that we confront the passing of the most basic of all liberties—the right to get from the bounteous earth that which is available, that which is needed in order to live. Man's privilege to think, to worship, to develop his personality beautifully and harmoniously—all this is of a higher order than the stilling of hunger and thirst, but is threatened also when bread is withheld. Millions of people in this country are now too scared or too stunned to think. And the very sources of American culture are being covered with a sheet of ice.

When in any society the majority reach such an impasse, the first step toward remedial activity is the creation of a new authority. The masses contribute only pain, anger and timidity. Those who have ruled abdicate. And there rises, almost in response to the subconscious instincts of a society, a power genuinely elemental—a power to which cling all the roots and tendrils of the life which a nation has sunk into the soil of history. It is usually stark, fierce and undisciplined. The rhythm of an unformed ideology governs its movements. And so, in the twinkling of an eye, phenomena like Hitlerism stand before us.

We in America can no longer expect to escape some such development. And it is well that we who are Catholics should remember the historic social mission of the Church. This knows neither class nor other distinctions. It is, therefore, historically a mission of the center, characterized by its reverence for facts rather than theories. But what are we doing to realize it here and now? To anyone who looks at the trend of events or ideas, it will certainly seem as if the Catholic body were drifting hither and thither with the storm. There exists, to be sure, a place of refuge in the Faith. But that faith is properly social as well as individual. It relies, humanly speaking, as much upon the interactions of men as upon the heart of a single man. We have need, dire and bitter need, of sanctified thinking and decision about what is to be our collective life in the near future. The position we take up may not suffice for victory. But in the long run it will protect us from defeat.

BANKING REFORM

By GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

AN APPRECIATION of the new securities bill sent to Congress by the President, requires an understanding of recent changes in investment trends. The bill will remedy an obvious evil which, however, has not grown overnight. Its seed has been scattered during the one hundred and fifty years of American history and has come into full blossom during the widely heralded prosperity period of 1922 to 1929.

Spring has brought us—with the pussy-willows and the crocus—another avalanche of inflation talk. So far the new administration (as I am writing) has largely dealt with deflationary measures. It rather saves than spends. Though the attitude of the government is reported as definitely set against carrying the deflation any further, it is nevertheless forced to liquidate, more than three years after the disaster, the tremendous expansion of the prosperity era. The securities bill is one of these liquidating measures.

Before 1929, we had "inflation"; not in the sense of currency expansion so much as in reference to the general trend of production and consumption. The bankers operated with other people's money for selfish ends. The manufacturers expanded with borrowed money. People invested capital which, to a good extent, was not their own. Other people bought with money (under the instalment plan) which was coming to them only at some future date; and so all along the line. In the end, this procedure led to over-expansion, to excess production, to a tremendous artificial inflation of purchasing power—till the top-heavy structure crumbled. We are still busily engaged in picking up the pieces. President Roosevelt wants to rebuild. If there be inflation, he does not want the bankers to use their good offices for such ends.

Since the war, about \$50,000,000,000 worth of securities were sold in the United States. It is stated that fully one-half of these were either undesirable or worthless, according to Walter L. Miller, chief of the foreign loan division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. I believe that this means that in the light of present conditions and past experiences \$25,000,000,000 worth of these securities should not have been issued, if proper consideration of the public's interest were exercised. Judging from general

Perhaps no single issue growing out of the last campaign received so much attention as reform of the banking system in the public interest. Congressional investigations had revealed the plurality of methods used by jugglers with other people's money, and the private citizen had every reason to remember how he had fallen for glib talk. The new securities bill is the government's answer to the problem. Mr. Hirschfeld discusses both it and the background against which it appears.—The Editors.

comment on the disastrous experiences of stockholders and bondholders during the last three years, it is apparently implied that these \$25,000,000,000 were actually forced upon the people by reckless bankers, brokers and investment houses. And it is

against these abuses on the part of vendors of securities that the administration has directed the weapons of the new securities bill.

Before taking up the question of just how far the above contention of a plainly defrauded public is justified, let us look into the promises of the new bill. Quoting the President:

In spite of many statutes, the public in the past has sustained severe losses through practices neither ethical nor honest on the part of many persons and corporations selling securities. . . . There is . . . an obligation upon us to insist that every issue of new securities to be sold in interstate commerce shall be accompanied by full publicity and information, and that no essentially important element attending the issue shall be concealed from the buying public. . . . It puts the burden of telling the whole truth on the seller. It should give impetus to honest dealing in securities and thereby bring back public confidence.

Whereas the new bill will undoubtedly undergo some changes while sailing congressional waters, it is not expected that these will affect the bill either radically or fundamentally. The following discussion considers such amendments as have been drafted by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee up to the time of this writing.

First of all, the President demands the fullest publicity, not only in regard to the affairs of the company offering securities but also in reference to the transactions of directors and officers in stocks of their own companies. This clause is an important effort, aiming at two results. It will counteract high-pressure sales methods, so successfully employed throughout the country in the years preceding the speculative collapse of Wall Street. If passed, the bill will cut into the advertising principles (if they can be called such) of brokers and financiers who emphasized, or exaggerated, the good points and conveniently overlooked the weak points, just as much as some of their brothers in other lines of business are still inclined to do.

Secondly, this part of the bill attacks the selfish motives of directors and officers who in many cases boosted stocks, or forced them down, to swell their individual fortunes. It is now up to Congress to decide whether men like Arthur W. Cutten can assemble 100,000 shares each of Radio and Montgomery Ward at about 90 and drive it (or help to drive it) to about 600 points; whether W. C. Durant can handle, as he did in 1928, more than 11,000,000 shares of stock representing an investment of over \$1,000,000,000; whether the equals of Jesse Livermore can sell 5,000,000 bushels of wheat short one day (taking a 10 point profit), then switch long again and make another 10 point profit; whether the Insulls and the Kreugers can unload upon an unsuspecting public hundreds of millions of dubious securities, under the lure of magnificent pretensions. Not all of these are, or were, officers or directors. But they all belong to the class of speculators against which this paragraph of the securities bill is directed.

This is the "pro" of the publicity program of President Roosevelt's bill. The "contra" may be looked for in the rather doubtful assurance that people really do want and look for the fullest possible information. There is reason to doubt it. Judging from past experience, there are two classes of security buyers. One is, broadly speaking, the investing class which looks principally for "security"; and only after these careful customers are convinced that their capital is as securely and as safely invested as care and caution and thorough study can make it, only then will they turn to the second factor, namely, the profitability of their investment. These people form the firm foundation upon which industry (the old, established part of industry) is based.

But it is the second class of investors upon which progress, experimentation, expansion of industry, is drawing: the speculative buyer who reverses the procedure of the security class. He is out for profits. And whether he knows it or not, the profit factor is higher, the lower the security factor. While it may be convenient to forget, it is nevertheless extremely important to remember, that this country was built upon the principle of profitability (or call it "pioneering," if you wish). A large part of the population of the United States is still animated by this traditional spirit; and, given the opportunity, it seems safe to say that the majority of security buyers will not hesitate to have another taste of quick daring, that is, quick profits, regardless of publicity, security or any other restrictive measure.

The federal securities bill will protect the buyer; it will make it safe for him to invest. The authors of the bill take it for granted that the public, the investing public, wants to be safe. This assumption may be questioned. People who

invest for profit, are and have been largely speculative buyers. They do not go to Wall Street to be safe. They go—or used to go—to the banks for that purpose. Most people invest in order to earn; and the more, the better. The above-mentioned publicity program may and will check the seller of securities, but it is doubtful whether, in boom times, it will disturb the buyer. After all, what happened to the security market in the past prosperity years, had its fundamental cause not so much in the fact that the seller was so skilful but that the buyer was so careless.

The federal securities bill further provides for a federal licensing system through which to regulate the stock, bond and commodity exchanges. In this connection it may be recalled that the New York Curb Exchange, for instance, does most of its business in the so-called "unlisted department." During the past year, something like \$950,000,000 were traded in bonds; but only about \$8,000,000, or less than 1 percent, were actually listed. To bring the exchange business out into the open to the fullest extent, is the purpose of this new measure.

Another important clause of the bill demands the divorcement of investment banking from commercial banking. The primary activity of commercial banks consists (or should consist) in making short-time loans, thus supplying business with working capital. Other activities include the safe-keeping of documents or valuables, performing the functions of a trustee, issuing bank notes under government control, and providing facilities for the handling of money, such as deposits, checking accounts, etc.

In the recent past, practically all commercial banks have overstepped their bounds. Costly management (including the luxurious buildings plus equipment of American branch banks), excessive competition between state and federal banks, lack of control, and a purely local, and therefore limited, outlook in the lending policies (especially of rural bankers) combined to convert many a commercial bank into an investment house, where the profits seem to hang lower. Thousands of bankers sacrificed the first and supreme banking law—to play safe—to a grim determination to get the profits. As far as human nature is concerned, their motives were not different from those of private investors. President Roosevelt wants to draw a clear line between the "safe-keepers" of the nation's wealth and the "profiteering" element, by divorcing investment from commercial banking, at the same time trying to bring the commercial banks together in a unified system. If he succeeds in this latter proposal, he will eliminate much of the cause for unwise investments on the part of banking houses. It is easy to see that under the control of the federal government the cost of management, competition, control and

lending policies will be put on a quite different—i.e., safer—basis.

The plan to divorce commercial from investment banking will undoubtedly lead to significant industrial changes, if properly enforced. The bankers will have to retreat into their original territory; their profits will be cut to a sizable extent. But if the bankers are once more brought back to conservative policies, industry which depends upon these bankers for “food,” must by necessity reflect such conservatism. Cut short the stimulus of daring in finance and industry, and the course of American industry will be changed.

It ought to be changed. And here lies perhaps the outstanding importance of the bill.

The industry of the United States has now passed the experimental stage. If it follows the natural development, its next phase will be one of quiet concentration and of controlled direction. And with the industry, the manufacturer, the engineer, the statistician and the board of directors will have to set a different course. They will not be allowed under the new order to do their best for the sake of maximum production, but will have to subordinate the traditional spirit of production, expansion and forced invention to the dominating factor of future prosperity: consumption.

Seen in this light, the hitherto guiding element of speculative adventuring in industry and finance will be pushed into the background. Accompanying this collapse of laissez-faire individualism will be the lessened significance of speculative investment trends, with a corresponding gain on the part of what may be termed “operating investments,” that is, investments for established and definitely planned productions. It is possibly from this future constellation that the divorcement of commercial from investment banking derives its greatest importance.

Another paragraph in the original securities bill stipulated that the Federal Trade Commission may revoke the registration of any security if it finds that the enterprise or business of the issuer of the security is not based upon sound principles, and that the revocation is in the interest of the public welfare. This clause, in the hands of a strong man, could make the government the supreme ruler over every sort of economic enterprise. The Commission could forbid the issuance of securities, thus controlling production. However, the Senate Committee agreed that the power of the Federal Trade Commission should be limited to cases of fraud or violation of the law's provisions, and the bill will probably be amended accordingly before it is passed by Congress.

Whether the government actually proposes a new deal all around; whether the securities bill serves but a much more elaborate program of a different economic order; whether it is only one step on a long, long way to national reconstruction, must be left to time. The bill, as originally drafted, goes beyond mere protection of security buyers. On the other hand, it must be admitted that control of the security market involves the very complicated structure of business credit. In the long run, the administration will apparently be facing the alternative of merely changing the forms and methods under which securities are issued and handled, or of assuming, little by little, control over most economic operations through interference with credit, the “life-blood” of the nation's business.

It seems that the Roosevelt plan looks at the latter alternative, first feeling its cautious way with a rather harmless-looking securities bill which, however, might become a formidable weapon in the hands of a determined government.

AMERICAN ART MATURES

By MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

THE FALLACY of the popular disfavor of American art is one which thirty or forty years of increasing and even disproportionate patronage have been unable to dispel. American painters and sculptors have enjoyed no Renaissance indulgence, of course, but it is equally untrue that they have been scorned and ignored by their compatriots. Their suit for patronage has coincided with the widespread establishment of public and civic museums throughout the nation during the brief, and now vanished, age of national prosperity. Hardly a city of size has been without its gallery, its art school, its prizes and even its select circle of connoisseurs. The astig-

matic reverence for products of the mid-nineteenth-century salons of Paris and Munich, of the ateliers of Gérôme, Laurens and Bouguereau, was fairly cured by 1890. Whenever an American painter had something to offer even remotely as good as the Moroccan camp-scenes and tiger-fights of Delacroix, as flawlessly embalmed as the nudes of Bouguereau or Prud'hom, or as comatosely lyrical as the twilight landscapes of Daubigny and Mauve, he was generously subsidized by his customers. The vast and anomalous race of portrait painters in the United States had no cause to feel undue rivalry in Lenbach, Bonnat, Millais, Herkomer and Carolus Duran. Since the nine-

ties, each decade has seen local museums prosper in subsidies; mediocrity and the second-rate have claimed their abundant day. Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Los Angeles and a score of other cities have swung into the procession led by New York. The result has been an outlay of funds, subsidies and awards which has made the American art-student, painter and sculptor—of whatever rank—school, rewarded and crowned above the lot of other craftsmen. American artists have been handsomely provided for. The fortunes of American art are another, and a more abstruse, matter.

At least two notable events in this field—and a number of contributory occasions—make fair conjecture on this predicament easier at the moment than in the past. The Whitney Museum of American Art has been opened in New York, and has breasted the tide of newspaper excitement and national congratulation. The Museum of Modern Art last fall attempted its most comprehensive exhibition of American painting and sculpture, a retrospective selection covering the years 1862-1932. Meanwhile, also in October, the Art Institute of Chicago staged its Forty-fifth Annual Exhibition of native work, and such private foundations as the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington and the Addison Gallery of American Art at Phillips Academy have added to their discriminating collections of art by Americans. Several commercial dealers did, until recently, a business of virtual land-office proportions, and Mr. Stieglitz has made his "American Place" a showhouse for headline publicity where Marin, O'Keeffe, Dove and Hartley have achieved that accolade of dubious celebrity, the favor of society and the smart magazines. The Whitney and the Modern museums, apart from the pioneer courage of several of their founders, come to blast no trails, but to make safe and sensational public progress over well-paved paths.

It may be said at the outset—as a preliminary to the qualified approbation and conjecture which these galleries demand—that by comparison they are superior to such specters of mediocrity as the annual Royal Academy shows in London, the salons of the Grand Palais in Paris, or the entombment of banal sentiment and mediocre taste authorized by that invariable feature of any sizable Italian city, the *galleria d'arte moderna*. Their shortcomings and unresolved intentions do not ensue from unabashed chauvinism and convention. The maturity of a new generation of critics, collectors and curators has swept the scene of uncongenial Victorian litter. Impressionism and post-Impressionism have for forty years been entered among the claims to social prestige by the emerging aristocrats. It would be a rare millionaire who would now invite society to admire a Diaz or even a Corot, the dinner-guests instead

stifling with cocktails their bewilderment at the Miro, or smoke-screening the uneasy terrors of Rouault and Chirico with the cigars.

The demand for an "American art" may, however, be a handicap fully as great as the rivalry of Parisian ateliers. This obsession has dogged most creative effort in the United States for the past two generations. Its humiliating effects on the novel and on poetry are not yet generally realized, although discernible to any responsible observer. "Patriotism," said Dr. Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel," while Mr. Eliot has on occasion observed, more pointedly: "It is almost too platitudinous to say that one is not modern by writing about chimney-pots, or archaic by writing about oriflammes." It must also be admitted that good Impressionism is not achieved by going to Giverny to copy Monet's river scenes, like Theodore Robinson; a plausible version of Picasso does not ensue by showing how Picasso's method may be "made easy," in the style of Stuart Davis; Puvis de Chavannes's reputation is not reinforced by the diluted versions of Bryson Burroughs. The most cheerful patriot must likewise agree that the recording of silos, Bowery scenes, storefronts, clapboard houses, skyscrapers, kivas and labor strikes is no positive contribution to the aesthetic advancement of the American mind. Documentation has never made art; at its best it is a contribution to history.

The contribution of the naturalists has been valuable, but chiefly, one regrets to say, in a negative way. They reproved the muddled and aimless course of an eclectic European tradition, only to foster a heresy fully as dangerous, because more politically appealing and more open to irrelevant or even anti-aesthetic special pleading, like the verse of Stephen Crane, Masters and Sandburg, or the fiction of Dreiser and Lewis. In painting, a few of our naturalists and documentary painters have been aesthetically as honorable as an equally small number of poets and novelists of the type. Sloan, Luks, Henri (the realist members of "The Eight"), as well as Bel-lows, Glenn Coleman, Speicher, Hopper, Burchfield, McFee, Kent and Marsh (all of whom have invoked the examples of Homer and Eakins as honestly as certain exceptional "mystics" like Davies and Karfiol have invoked that of Albert Pinkham Ryder), have reconciled the painter's vision to the stark and barren reality of his landscape. Their labor was inevitable and rigorous. Goethe congratulated America because she lacked the incubus of a cultural antiquity ("Du hast keine Ruine!"), but he provided little consolation for the nineteenth-century artist in the United States. Even Hawthorne, not to be listed as an American malcontent or exile, could lament "the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no pictur-

esque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case in my own dear native land." This morally vital, but creatively debilitating, distress required unflinching honesty, and even agony, to correct. The recent revival of painters like Eakins, Homer and Ryder, and of several other pioneer individualists like Samuel Osgood, John Quincey Adams Ward and Frank Duveneck, has involved unpardonable extremes of eulogy, but it has been basically sound and historically reassuring. It has held up examples of severe and isolated creative integrity. Eakins is just now the star of high ascendant; he will outlive the moment's excitement to remain a painter of unembarrassed and heroic dedication, who attacked with detachment and vigor the confusion of post-Civil-War life, the gritty atmosphere of business offices and classrooms, the velour suffocation of drawing-rooms, the bleak light on Pennsylvania marshlands and rivers, the physical and moral stolidity of his citizens in that era of expanding fortunes and family vanity. None of his disciples has surpassed him in the honesty of his craftsmanship and motive. Even Henri, whose opposition to irrelevant nationalistic or cultural motives made up his life-long gospel to his students, lost his precision of touch and clarity of vision through diplomatic art service. But he has shared, with a number of his students and immediate followers, in the honor of bringing American painting to the threshold of adult consciousness and responsibility.

There are two other heresies which have not been as effectively reprovved as is generally supposed. One is the eclectic tradition; the other is primitivism, the vogue of the archaic. Eclecticism was inevitable in nineteenth-century America. Not only was it natural to a social and political apprenticeship; it prevailed in the confusion of the nineteenth-century European scene itself, the source of our cultural derivations. The bringing to New York from Paris of Whistler's portrait of his mother has reminded critics how emphatically he himself was privileged by that eclecticism to indulge in charming exercises and pastiches which left so small a margin of his energy for serious pursuits. Hardly a European vogue, from the Renaissance down, has escaped the labored understudy of American students. Most of these efforts are spared visitors at the Whitney and Modern museums. But the watery impressionism of Homer Martin, Theodore Robinson, Wyant, Hassam, Twachtman, Blakelock and Dewing; the patient naturalism of Fuller and Homer; the pretentious symbolism of Barnard and the mural oratory of La Farge; and the showy facility of Sargent (who soon forgot his youthful moment of intense vision, here recorded in the portrait of Mrs. Dyer, from the Chicago Insti-

tute), present no greater confusion of focus for nineteenth-century painting and sculpture, than do the disparate conceptions which represent the twentieth. Glackens understudies Renoir; Kroll and Speicher, Cézanne; Kronberg, Degas; Kuhn, Derain (with hints also of Chardin); Luks, Manet and Hals; Sloan, John Leech, Sheeler, Demuth, Blume and Stella follow the work of Klee and the painters of the Dessau Bauhaus; while the sculptures of Noguchi or the panels of Kuniyoshi (here presented as American products) bring the remote ideology and style of Oriental art into the computation. The individualism capable of explaining these irreconcilable styles would have to be historically unprecedented in order to justify these varieties of art within three decades of American activity. Critics have been premature in jubilating over the demise of the eclectic handicap. It flourishes today as strong as ever, and the freedom of any student or painter from its oppression is distinctly an exceptional privilege.

The revival of archaistic styles is a recent, but no less confusing, issue. The evils of this tendency have already been noted in the wasted talent of a sculptor like Manship, or of a painter like Burroughs. The Greco-Roman archaicism inherited from the French salon has given way to that inspired by American "primitives." (The deceptive success of Kuniyoshi is one aspect of it.) The problem is hardly simplified thereby. The sculptures of Laurent, Epstein, Lachaise, Zorach and Rumsey (who would do honor to Maillol's atelier), the painting of Kantor, Fiene, Poor, certain members of the New Mexico group and even a remarkable instance like Max Weber reveal how astonishingly complex the primitivist inspiration has become, and how multiple are its sources—Greco-Roman, Etruscan, Persian, Mexican, Japanese, Slavic, early American and even negroid. The function of the primitive—to cleanse the vision and restore the impulse of innocence and the necessity of direct emotion—is hardly realized in more than five contemporary artists. In others the confusion of purpose and the facile play for popularity are all too apparent. The result is either pedantry or helpless floundering.

It is, after all, the existence of a few isolated and undismayed intelligences like Sterne, Weber, Lachaise, Karfiol, Marin, the better Kroll, Cash and Rumsey that marks the present maturity of American art. These may claim a few worthies among their nineteenth-century ancestors. They have escaped political affiliations, insurrectionary excitement and irrelevant dictatorships. Contemporary activity in the United States may use them as standards. They provide a focus for the instructive exhibitions which our museums have presented this fall, and remind us that if American art has indeed come of age, it has yet to face its most serious responsibilities.

THE "OXFORD GROUP"

By H. A. JULES-BOIS

I WONDER if America is not actually the most religious country in the world? Who can say? Some day, when its cycle of growth is ended and it has triumphed over severe trials, it may be the favorite abode of the Holy Spirit. Its virgin soil was fertilized by the blood of the martyrs, and throughout its existence a divine favor has rested upon the United States. In spite of imperfections which the sons of Adam in whatever latitude cannot avoid, a breath of spirituality passes through this country, sometimes confused and obscured, but none the less penetrating the souls which open fervently to every hope of a closer contact with the Creator. Hence it is not surprising that some aggressive persons play upon the youth of this hasty civilization and found strange cults or noisy movements which, momentarily at least, have their vogue. On the other side of the Atlantic religion and science have each their own field, but in America every fascinating discovery, offering practical applications, has an excellent chance of being organized into a religious sect. Theosophy, promoted in New York by Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, was a development of the neo-spiritualism to which flourishing psychical research societies had given rise. French psychotherapy created Eddyism in New England, as Dr. Pierre Janet has demonstrated. And thus inevitably the Viennese psychoanalysis, with a few mysterious additions whose origins should some day be revealed, has its counterpart in Buchmanism, the *dernier cri*.

This country, in which Catholics are in the minority, seems to suffer from an incomplete Christianity. The pervading spirit of restlessness is due to an unsatisfying Protestantism. To an impartial observer what is most lacking is the sacraments. The ritual (when it exists) is almost everywhere poor and meager. The hierarchy (when there is one) is not respected. The theology no longer has the support of dogmas and of a central authority. A very pious lady of Boston recently confided to me: "My denomination has not much to give me." The result of this dryness is that the organic body of the churches in which the faith survives, is shaken by convulsions and crises. Might not the revivals so-called be symptoms of a sickness which resembles exhaustion? In the tumult of the camp-meetings is sought an artificial vitality, incapable of replacing the inner life which is languishing and suffering. Suffice it to recall, as recent instances, Billy Sunday and Mrs. Aimée McPherson.

The deterioration of a religious yearning, even though this yearning be honest and deep, appears

to be the cause of these bizarre agitations. Buchmanism was to be expected; it is also a sort of revival, but one which doubtless would have brought a frown to the brow of the austere John Wesley. The latter, whom Cardinal Newman called "the shadow of a Catholic saint," stressed virtue. Today, the moral palate being dull, we are asked to taste of sins. Highly-spiced dishes from this *cuisine* abound in the new sect. The bed-time book of the good Buchmanite is entitled, "For Sinners Only." The clerk in a large New York bookstore assures me that the very children want to know what it is about. On the other hand, in circles which are not infantile, the reaction against this type of propaganda has been prompt.

For example, this sensational volume evoked the following opinion from the Reverend Dr. W. B. Creighton, editor of the *New Outlook*, organ of the United Church of Canada, published in Toronto: "What intelligence we had rebelled at almost every page." The Reverend Dr. James H. Snowden, editor of the *Presbyterian Banner*, of Pittsburgh, comments: "We have looked through this book with somewhat the same experience as that of Dr. Creighton." True, I also started to rebel; but my rebellion did not last long. I got the habit of perusing "the acknowledged Bible of the movement," at night, in bed. It is so unnatural, so forced, that despite a certain disposition to insomnia, I, as they advise in the sect, totally "surrendered" and soon slept soundly. Let us not be too severe. In a sense why not be grateful to Buchmanism, if its literature has a curative effect on sleeplessness?

However, a narcotic may become dangerous, especially when its label belies its composition. The adepts of this "revival by sins" ostentatiously proclaim themselves the "Oxford Group" or the "Oxford Movement" or the "First Century Christians." But all that is mere camouflage. Why do they not take candidly the only name which befits them, the one derived from their instructor and leader? Mohammedans are not ashamed of Mohammed, nor the Freudians of Freud. Why do Buchman's disciples sneak away from him and shrink at being called "Buchmanites"? This name is justly theirs, and they cannot, without being false to their own principles, denominate themselves "Oxford Group" or "Oxford Movement" or, above all, "First Century Christians."

The slightest critical and historical sense forbids the appellation of "Oxford Movement." There was a real "Oxford Movement," the centenary of which we piously celebrate this year, Catholics

and Anglicans as well. These two words are deeply engraved in religious history. "The Century Dictionary" explains them as follows:

Oxford Movement: A name sometimes given to a movement in the Church of England toward High Church principles, as against a supposed tendency toward liberalism and rationalism: so called from the fact it originated in the University of Oxford (1833-1841).

If there exists a movement or a group in contradistinction to that from which emerged Pusey as well as Newman, it is the one that endeavors today to assume this title. With Buchman, High Church principles are not in question; he deals with public confession, "sharing," automatic guidance, traveling team, sex and money, and house-parties. The genuine Oxford Movement produced a dignified and blessed restoration of spirituality in the United Kingdom: noble souls awakened to a deeper conception and a stricter practice of Christianity. At that time Dr. Newman and Dr. Manning, among many other distinguished men, found a new light, and later both became cardinals in the Church of Rome. On the other hand, Dr. Pusey, John Keble and their followers remained in the Church of England, adopting High Church standards and "maintaining the principles of sacramental efficiency and apostolic authority within that communion."

It is imprudent, if not impudent, especially at the time of a glorious centenary, to appear to seize upon a celebrated title. And, moreover, Buchmanism began not at Oxford but at Princeton University. In the *Presbyterian Banner* of January 12, 1933, Dr. James H. Snowden writes:

The members make full and frank confessions of their sins, even the most secret and scandalous. . . . A few years ago, the movement was excluded from the campus of Princeton University on this ground. We asked a student at Princeton, who was a secretary of the group at that institution, if there was any color for this charge, and he said that there certainly was, and that it ran into such sexuality that in disgust he withdrew from it. . . .

Another term usurped by the Buchmanites is "First Century Christians." Here again the name is misleading. Just as the rebirth of ritualism in the Anglican Church or the conversion of Manning and Newman to Catholicism have nothing in common with a movement which, on the pretext of "personal religion," deflects from the ceremonial of any Church whatever, so also there is an abyss between applied Buchmanism and the moving effusions of the First Christians. At that memorable epoch of the early Church, mysterious tongues and prophetism combined with public confessions; but the latter were soon given up, because of disorder and scandal. But, according to Buch-

man's doctrine, public avowals of sins effect conversions and life-changes and, moreover, that is the only way the converted, in his turn, can become a life-changer. These exhibitions are called "sharings."

They are a prominent feature of the house-parties, at which people of distinction, or simply of good repute, elbow drunkards and thieves, not to mention more spectacular sinners. Saint Paul, whose authority may be more commanding than Mr. Buchman's, was indisputably a "First Century Christian," the Apostle of that time and of all times. He solemnly and specifically condemned these unseemly fellowships. Under no circumstances did he permit the Christian groups whom he instructed orally or by letters, to be troubled by dangerous presences. With his habitual forcefulness he says:

Let us keep the feast not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

He then explains what he understands by the bad leaven, which may ferment within us, and which we must therefore avoid:

I wrote to you in an epistle not to keep company with fornicators. . . . Now I have written to you not to keep company, if any man that is named a brother be a fornicator or covetous or an idolator or a railer or a drunkard or an extortioner; with such a one, not so much as to eat (I Corinthians, v, 9, 11).

Saint Paul does not forbid business relations with such sinners, "for then must ye needs go out of the world." But, concerning friendships and religious rites, he prescribes that Christians never admit "wicked persons" into their intimacy. He thus positively condemns those meetings which Buchmanites term "house-parties."

Furthermore, the same prohibition is decreed regarding public avowals of sins and descriptions of depravity. This time the Apostle addresses himself to the Ephesians, who doubtless had a bent toward such demonstrations made in common. Saint Paul does not forbid them "to speak with tongues" or to prophesy, but as to any public formulation of sins, he shows no compromising spirit. The Christians of the first century, and in consequence all others, he precludes, first from ever associating with the impure and then from fixing their thoughts on impurities or even mentioning them.

But fornication, and all uncleanness and covetousness [sex and money], let it not be named among you, as becometh saints. . . . And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness but rather reprove them. For the things that are done by them in secret it is a shame even to speak of (Ephesians, v, 3, 11, 12).

It follows that if there were, in the first century, Christians assembling in house-parties and loudly declaring their sins, they were condemned by the Church personified in the Apostle of the Gentiles.

Finally, as noted in the French Catholic review, *L'unité dans la lumière*, there is a great contrast rather than any similarity between manifestations of the Holy Ghost recorded in the primitive churches and the manner in which the Buchmanites invite such manifestations. The beautiful phenomena of the first century were never provoked but always absolutely spontaneous. The specious methods employed by the Buchmanites—suggestively lowered lights, impressive silence, exasperating expectation—are unworthy of Christians, and do not evoke supernal revelations but end in trifling outbursts of the subconscious self in travail.

Perhaps the Buchmanites may be in good faith in assuming the superb names of "Oxford Group," "Oxford Movement," or "First Century Christians," yet their assumption is not warranted by historical facts. They are, instead, the followers of a wandering personality, occult if not occultist. A few comments on their activities will give the reader a general idea of the sect.

It is well known that the traveling team has visited and stirred Canada and several cities of the United States. Here is a report from Toronto:

The "Movement" did have some vogue in Toronto where its activities attracted certain elements of the population, including, I am sorry to say, some Protestant ministers and one or two aged members of the staff of the University. Its ravages, however, were not very widespread and, as you would naturally expect, they were more or less confined to the less intelligent portion of the population. It was their publicity campaign and that type of high-pressure salesmanship which they injected into their advertising which attracted the crowds. Among the members of the group there was Reverend L. W. Grensted, oriel professor of Christian philosophy at Oxford, who attempted to exert some influence upon the staff and students at the University, but I think his efforts in that direction proved to be a decided "flop."

Some of the public meetings were very well attended and there was considerable "sharing," as they call it—a more or less public confession of delinquencies. I was told that a goodly proportion of the faults confessed at their meeting bordered upon sex. . . . Several ministers acknowledged publicly in their churches that in the past their lives were not what they should have been and promised their congregations that they would do better in the future. (Perhaps another advertising stunt.) There did not seem to be much religion about it. Except in so far as the leaders claimed that they were "guided by the Spirit." There was scarcely any mention of responsibility to God for moral conduct or of the value of the redemption of man by Our Lord Jesus

Christ. The press, as a whole, was not very favorable in its comments and the general opinion prevalent in the city was that these people were nothing more than a pale imitation of the Salvation Army in dress suits.

The New York house-party, in January, at the Waldorf, very much censored at the time, was given before a curious but sceptical audience, in spite of the number and zeal of the organizers. There were many "stars," as Mr. Buchman calls his most sensational converts. Among the witnesses was a young girl "who found serving God more fun than serving cocktails." "I knew," she said "everybody worth knowing and I had done everything worth doing, and it became monotonous. I met this group and then I found that cocktail parties were not as interesting as their gatherings." An English lady likened the most important rite of Buchmanism, "sharing," to "taking a bath." Ingenious appears the simile. "House-parties," at which everyone present endeavors to wash himself of his sins in public, have indeed a certain analogy to a large bath for all passers-by. Certainly for all to lave their impurities in the same tub is a more serious risk than not to bathe at all. Before the advent of Buchmanism, we were not accustomed, thank God, to cleansing baths in common. Instinctive modesty would proscribe this, and there is a modesty of the soul as well as of the body. From the standpoint of hygiene, by such dangerous promiscuity in bathing we would lay ourselves open to the contagion of other's sicknesses. And in like manner, according to Saint Paul's strong words, there are perilous psychic contacts. He declared it shameful to exhibit moral ugliness; and I recall the apt phrase of a Scotsman who once whispered to me: "Sir, when I take a bath to get clean, I prefer to be alone."

There are laws to guard us from crimes against public health; why not to protect the health of the soul?

Poverty

Sad April wept for the old year's sins,
But my eyes were dry;
And now, bright May, her penance said,
Leaves a smile with fairy tread,
But heavy of heart am I.

I watched the flash of a cardinal's wing,
And heard his carillon,
I breathed the musk of daffodils,
As azure incense from the hills
Arose in orison.

Oh, what of worth or good upon
Thy altar can I lay?
My empty hands to Thee I bring—
Take, Lord, the lovely things of spring:
I am too poor to pray.

GERTRUDE JANE CODD.

HOW SHALL A CATHOLIC VOTE?¹

By CHARLES O. RICE

DURING the recent presidential campaign a very nice question was discussed in America's leading Catholic journals. The question—"May a Catholic vote for a Socialist?"—was productive of interesting discussion. This was as it should be, since it was pertinent and concerned a problem of importance.

But there is another pertinent question for whose asking one looked in vain, and this is not as it should be; for it too concerns an important problem, one, in fact, even more fundamental than Socialism and more instant of solution. That question is: "May a Catholic vote for a crook?"

Even stranger than the omission of this query is the answer that would be given to it by the average, well-informed Catholic. This mythical individual would hardly hesitate to agree that a Catholic could not vote for a Socialist; he would tell you that Socialism is condemned by the Pope, that it is against the principle of the right of private ownership, and that Socialists hate religion and would stamp it out. But if he were asked the second question, he would hem and haw and qualify and change ground and possibly end by calling the questioner, were the questioner persistent enough, a radical and perhaps a Socialist.

But why should not the second answer be as straightforward as the first? Socialism is condemned by the Pope, but is dishonesty not condemned by Christ? Socialism militates against the right of private ownership, but does not political dishonesty militate against the right of public ownership, and who is there that will not uphold the right of public bodies to own goods and money? And, practically speaking, dishonesty is a greater menace to Catholicism in the United States than is Socialism.

No one can deny the blatant corruption of American public and political life. Politics of every kind are frankly and openly crooked. I do not think this needs proof—there is not one of us who has not heard and read enough to convince him of it.

The sad part of it is that Catholic officials and politicians as a class (this is not a blanket indictment, and individuals must be exempted from it) are not a bit better than the others. Every scandal raked up in the papers has its sizable quota of Catholic names. Does their dishonesty, when bruited abroad, cause them much discomfort with their Catholic neighbors? Does it influence the attitude of their priests toward them? Too often the answer must be, "No."

¹ This comment on a widely discussed problem offers the point of view of the younger generation.

The point can stand laboring. We Catholics are easy-going in regard to this particular mortal sin. Not alone do we fail to condemn it, but we also tend to tolerate and excuse it. We are busy giving sophistic defenses of it when we should be fighting it. General condemnation and disapproval of a sin serve as a spur to repentance and a bulwark for resistance. Offenders against political honesty should have this spur, but they do not. Our tolerance of their sin deprives them of this aid.

We Americans consider public dishonesty less reprehensible than private. Perhaps in dealing with an abstract case we do not, but when it comes to specific, real cases in daily life, we do. I have found this out from the frequent discussions on the subject in which I have been engaged. Our attitude is twisted and warped. It is very difficult to get an out-and-out condemnation even of a proved public crook. One comes up against an underlying sympathy. In the right Catholic mind there should be no such sympathy, and no condoning of any wrongdoing. Our toleration of the wrongdoing under discussion is amazing in its proportions, lamentable in its effects and impossible of extenuation or excuse.

There are certain standard, conventional arguments given to explain or palliate the sin and its toleration. The most common is the plea of necessity—"Everyone does it." If you honor that plea, you will find yourself supporting crimes unspeakable; for there is no crime so low that it cannot be brought under the protection of this miserable excuse. Murder, rape, sacrilege, simony, et cetera, et cetera, have at times in history been useful and widespread, but that did not make them right. Nor does the fact that corruption and rottenness are the rule in American politics make them right or excusable. They are still corruption and rottenness. Robbery is robbery, a bribe is a bribe, and a crook is a crook.

Had we the right condemnatory viewpoint toward this transgression of the law of God, so many of our communicants would not commit it. Not only would many now guilty stop their crooked dealing, but the greatest good effect would be that there would be no new recruits for this life of pleasant crime. The proper attitude, a solid opinion, would send into politics decent, straight Catholics, who would be determined to remain honest, and who would remain honest.

There are so many Catholic politicians, and so many of them crooked, that the proportion of thieves in some of our municipal congregations must be appalling. These men are sinners; and

their tolerators are sinners, through coöperation. The injury this causes the spiritual life of the Church is great. This and similar evils weaken the corporate spiritual force of the American Church.

The bad example given is a further injury to the Church. In this case the harm is intensified by reason of the unusually public nature of the sin and the notoriety which attaches to it. Were the example given by Catholic men in public life good instead of bad, what great benefit would accrue! If the name Catholic were synonymous with honesty and integrity in public office, our faith would be glorified and many more would flock to our standard.

Catholics have a duty toward the United States. American public life is unusually corrupt, and its corruption tends to become more and more dangerous, as more and more functions gravitate to the state. This corruption must be cleaned out. The application of ethical principles to public life is the only thing that can cleanse it. On account of the numbers of Catholics in politics, we are in a position to hasten and effect that purification. The duty that Catholics have toward the United States is to give her the benefit of their matchless, clear-cut moral code. It is but fitting that they show the way, by precept and example, to those whose moral standard wavers. But when Catholic politicians, as a class, seem to have heard little about their Church's ethics, and to care less, Catholics are not showing the way.

Our thinkers acknowledge that the world must return to ethical principles. They say, Christianity as a practical, living force is the only solution of the economic, social and political problems of today. Catholic Action comes in right here. We have a field worthy of it and needing it. I have already referred to the harm done by Catholic disregard of Catholic doctrines in political life, and of the good that could be done by regard for those doctrines. Let me say further that we cannot expect to reform our country in the social and economic field, where we have a small membership, if we cannot do something in the political field where we have a large membership.

To set the power of Catholic Action in motion in politics would be rather simple. A steady, consistent insistence on the seventh commandment, a regular presentation of the unvarnished, distinct Catholic teaching in regard to justice and rights, are about all that would be needed. There would be no need of supporting any party or any candidate. It would be sufficient to lay down the principles emphatically, and insist on their observance. We Catholics could lead, earning respect and support by virtue of our fitness. If we could only turn out more men with the integrity of ex-Governor Smith and the late Senator Walsh, our influence for good would be incalculable.

Here is our problem: Catholic corruption in American politics and general Catholic indifference to that corruption, are harming individuals, Church and State; and the observance of morality, and that alone, can cure this evil.

As Americans the problem is ours. As Catholics, possessors of well-defined and logical guiding principles, the solution is ours. We must acknowledge, spread and practise the teaching of God and His Church, consistently and without gloss. We must let the world know that there is public morality, as well as private; that "Thou shalt not steal" means, always and everywhere, "Thou shalt not steal"; that a man is a thief when he squanders and plunders the public treasury, just as when he dips his hand into his neighbor's pocket; that our Holy Mother Church stands for honesty and probity, and sets her face against thievery, however disguised or protected.

Then will all know that religion is not dead, but is still a strong and living force.

IS EUROPE INTELLIGENT?

By JOSEPH REMENYI

IT IS a fallacy to presuppose that continental Europe, because of her mature traditions, is apt to appreciate literature more than America. The exaggerated recognition of the psychological stunts of Vicki Baum in Germany and in the United States, the silly glorification of Maurice Dekobra and Maryse Choisy in France, of writers who are smooth gossipers of doubtful erotic and neurotic experiences, the submission to noisy, rather notorious than worth-while critics on both continents indicates an external defeat of genuine literature which is simultaneously pathetic and grotesque. The point that I wish to clarify is whether continental Europe with her scholastic background, renaissance and baroque inheritance, intellectualized sophistication, Freudian epidemic, Communistic experimentation, is more capable to value literature than contemporary America where arrogantly vulgar books, like Joseph Moncure March's "The Wild Party" or Ernest Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon," are discussed by pretentious connoisseurs with an almost *ex cathedra* infallibility?

Irrespective whether one agreed with every conclusion that Ortega y Gasset draws in his book, entitled "The Revolt of the Masses," for an intelligent person it is imperative to agree with him on that statement that the average man, the mass-man, the shouting nonentity whose ideas consist "in the appetite of words" is too much in the limelight, and dangerously so. Dangerously not merely because of the immense influence that he exerts in the realm of politics and social doctrines, but predominantly because the applied superiority of the multitude results in the inferiority of properly measured culture. It would be wrong to assume that this observation wishes to eliminate the necessity of social and economic justice; indeed not. All it aims to do is to show that the liberation of undisciplined instincts, the acceptance of the authority of saxophone minds, the iden-

tification of articulation with mental maturity is detrimental to the desirable appraisal of culture, therefore of literature too.

No doubt, there was a time when the élite of continental Europe possessed such sensitiveness of reading, of subtle discrimination, that to choose between a good book and a bad book was not a problem at all; the question to be considered was, how to differentiate between a less good book and a good book, between a minor and a major poem, between a play that portrayed the timeless traits of human nature and the play that was intellectually or morally corrupt, but technically efficient. Today the continental European, even if painfully educated, even if equipped with abstractions that once upon a time resembled spiritual decorations, succumbs to the collective degeneration of this age, and reads imbecile books, enjoys empty plays with the same concentrated ignorance (a form of escape psychology) which one can observe in certain Americans while getting intoxicated by a mystery story.

Victims of Marxian phrasology are prone to be pleased with this situation. With the consistency of their dogmaticism, they are willing to point out that this is how it should be; in the battle of class interests one class is losing the upper hand and in the fight for economic and social supremacy the bourgeoisie is betraying her superficiality by finding recreation in works which are more or less worthless. On the other hand, according to these Marxian dialecticians, in Russia a new literature is developing, a literature of social heroism which has its counterpart in those European countries where, without the interference of authorities, writers can imaginatively reflect the desirable features of the "Communist Manifesto" and of "Das Capital." The modified Pollyanna sentimentalism of this wish that is not in accord with results, is evident. As a matter of fact, the works of Communistic writers, like Boris Pilnjak, Isaac Babel, Fjedor Gladkov, are nothing else but Bolshevik versions of thesis novels; by all means honest from a certain sociological point of view plus fanaticism, but about as alien to the essential postulates of creative literature as the primitive, didactic tales of Franz Hoffmann in nineteenth-century Germany were to the lovely fables of Hans Christian Andersen.

It is regrettable, but an undeniable fact, that in the chaos of Europe, creative literature is seeking fresh air without finding it. Pauperism that the American tourist as a rule does not discover when visiting European museums, established standards that the European misses less and less because of the tragic muddle of his lot, the conflict of ideas that are intolerant and intolerable, explain to a certain extent the indifference that continental Europe manifests toward genuine literature. The average European, regardless of what class he belongs to, does not even betray a dilettante curiosity for metaphysical or aesthetic literature; what he wants is plot, a somewhat less obvious scenario-story; eroticism that is rather exciting than explicit, as one finds in the novels of Colette (her technical efficiency and psychological *finesse* I do not wish to deny); the average European

reader wants the kind of recreation that dissipates duty into a platitude and cosmic feeling into a cosmetic experience. The Italian novelist, Pittigrilli, is a characteristic example of the kind of writer whose works give the reader the illusion of reading substantial literature, whereas what he really gets is a somewhat complicated entertainment without substance. Of course, this modernized *chaise longue* literature has nothing to do with the vital problems of life and the spirit. It is a poor consolation to declare "Everybody to his taste"; when taste prefers poison, there is something wrong with taste. This collective phenomena indicates a disturbing ailment.

It would be misleading to refer to the magnificent creations of Sigrid Undset, to the conflict-novels of François Mauriac, to certain novels of Franz Werfel searching for spiritual stability, to the cultured humaneness of Thomas Mann, to the erudite discipline of Mihaly Babits, the most representative poet of present-day Hungary, and to other significant writers and poets, as an illustration that should counteract my disheartening statements. Naturally, continental Europe still has her excellent creators; there are contradictory ideas, purposes and methods in the works of these writers expressed with the finality of literary art. But in relationship to the public they are less important than those mediocre writers who are really read; even in relationship to readers supposedly discerning. Their art is outstanding; their symbolic significance is clarity in the midst of obscurity; their ability to realize the changing actualities and eternal verities of life is vivid and vital. They have readers, thousands of them, who find meaning in life because their beloved authors found meaning in art or through art in life. They are refreshing, encouraging, stimulating, elevating, thought-provoking. They are the spirit that knows how to assert itself. Their pride is the nobility of singing articulation, their humbleness the mentally aristocratic admission of the abyss that separates the goal that should be reached from the goal that can be reached.

However, they are not the writers who are read by the multitude who speak about the "good old times" or about freedom and bread and a "new deal." In this respect it was barely different heretofore; but then the "liberation" of the masses was more of a phrase than an imminent reality. Fascism, Hitlerism, Bolshevism, is the voice of the masses. The outstanding writers are not read by the average European, notwithstanding or perhaps because of the fact that they are honestly representing the still existing values of continental Europe. Even in the past, good literature had to be discovered for the average man; now he is immune to this discovery. He ceased to be a "mass-product of nature," and became a mass-product of civilization. Queer progress. His number increased, his voice intensified, his undisciplined power and detrimental influence broadened. He is neither a proletarian, nor a bourgeois; he is gullible and hysterical humanity. The evaluation of quality has less competent voices; the devaluation of quality has more potent voices. The literature of continental Europe is alive, but the Continent is tragically insensitive to its song and sigh of imaginative beauty and depth.

WAR DEBTS

By CARLO SFORZA

BONAR LAW is almost forgotten as a British statesman; a new proof of the injustice of history. He was a sturdy Canadian, a man without imagination, and of strong moral character. I knew him intimately before and after he became British Prime Minister in 1922-1923 and I may testify that the French *beaux esprits* were wrong, at least about him, when they launched the following statement, during the Peace Conference, apropos of the three main British statesmen at the time in Paris: Balfour knows but does not believe; Bonar Law believes but does not know; Lloyd George neither knows nor believes.

What I want to tell here is the story of Bonar Law's offer of a compromise with France and Italy, the two war debtors, in Europe, toward Great Britain. Probably, only the state of health of Bonar Law at the time accounts for the failure of his generous and far-seeing attempt to settle with France, Italy and Belgium the common German reparations problem and that of the war debts. In fact, he came to Paris to offer his plan in January, 1923, and he died in London three months later, on May 20. The doctors had advised him against the journey; they had gone so far as to tell him that he might die under such a strain. The Scotch-Canadian simply answered: "That is no argument."

The acceptance of Bonar Law's plan would have effected European reconciliation. Its main ideas were adopted, years later, in the Dawes plan. But neither Bonar Law nor his offer met with just appreciation. In Italy a press muzzled by the Fascist censorship covered Bonar Law with sarcasms. In France they were more polite, but lack of appreciation was just as complete.

Bonar Law had offered France and Italy precious concessions: British solidarity on the question, still burning at the time, of the German reparations, and an official recognition of the interdependence of reparations and inter-allied debts. For Italy especially, the British plan was such that the Italians could with difficulty have offered a better one themselves. In fact, it simply meant the cancellation of all the Italian war debts to England. Signor Mussolini's refusal can only be explained by the fact that he had just come into power, and that he was desirous of spectacular coups. At the beginning of 1923 he was still "yellow press" enough to speak of a "Continental bloc against England." Naive recollections of Bonaparte's ideas. . . .

Poincaré, who was French Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, refused because he was already thinking of the occupation of the Ruhr. I have told in a book of mine, "Makers of Modern Europe," how I had felt that the idea was gradually taking hold of him; I had been Ambassador to France until the very eve of Bonar Law's arrival in Paris, and I knew that Poincaré hoped that through the occupation of the Ruhr he might solve the problem of French reparations and even of French security, without any protective help from Britain. This has been probably the most serious blunder that

Poincaré has made in his long and honorable career as a statesman.

After three days of angry discussions at the Quai d'Orsay, Bonar Law's offer was rejected by the French and Fascist governments through the meanest motives. Bonar Law was already a dying man and he failed to make his language understood by his foreign colleagues and his generosity realized by the French and Italian peoples. It was one of the many instances in post-war conferences when a moderating Italian influence might have been precious; but unfortunately, this time, Rome was on the side of the demagogy and rash schemes.

Three months after his failure in Paris, Bonar Law was seeking in the calm of Aix-les Bains, in Savoy, a relief to his dreadful sufferings. As I happened to be the guest of French friends of mine, Count and Countess d'Aiguy, in a neighboring château, he asked to see me. He wanted to learn from me the explanation, if possible, of what was still a riddle to his clear, honest mind: why his plan, so useful to France, so precious to Italy, had been rejected with jeers and sarcasms.

I told him, sitting two hours on the terrace of his room, with the charming Savoyard hills at our feet, and in the distance the lake of Bourget, what I believed had been his psychological mistakes, and his advisers', in the presentation of the plan; and where he and his officials had lacked the necessary persuasive power.

Among more serious things I told him, in a humorous manner, to keep up the spirits of the sick man, that his chief obstacle had been the Reparations Commission: "Your plan rendered the *commissaires* useless, and these worthy gentlemen were unable to forget that they were earning the highest salaries in Europe. After all, was it not asking too much from them? Most sincerely, perhaps—such is human nature—they began discovering all possible faults, risks, dangers in your system. Had I been there, among the delegates of the great powers, I should have proposed this innocent transitory article: 'It is understood that the salaries of the present chiefs of the Reparations Commission will be paid them as long as they live, even after the dissolution of the Commission.'"

Bonar Law laughed: "Such a pity that you resigned just eight weeks before; you should have been sitting beside me. . . ."

It was probably his last laugh.

And, after a long silence: "I see, had Lloyd George offered a third of what I brought to the French and Italians, they would have knelt at his feet. . . ."

But there was no bitterness against his more gifted colleague. Only a stoical expression of contempt for the touch of demagogic vulgarity that so often appears to be a necessary element of success in political life.

When, during the present discussions about war debts, I recall Bonar Law's forgotten initiative, I still wonder at Poincaré's incredible refusal of the splendid British offer, and I realize how right the old Swedish chancellor was when he said to his son: "Vide, fili, quam parva sapientia regitur mundus" (Learn, my son, how little wisdom there is in the decisions of the world rulers.)

At least ten years ago.

COMMUNICATIONS

AN OPEN LETTER TO PADRAIC COLUM

New York, N. Y.

MY dear venerable Sir: It pains me to learn that I have so strained "the critical intelligence" as to provoke the undignified outburst published in last week's issue of *THE COMMONWEAL*. But, in vindication of my motives, allow me to state that I altogether overlooked "the critical intelligence"—extremely stupid of me!—and was concerned only with the illumination of the facts of a situation that had become obscure in the pages of *THE COMMONWEAL*.

You charge me, Sir, with gliding over the fact that the treaty was ratified by a majority of the members of Dail Eireann. It was my intention to summarize the events leading up to the establishment of the Free State rather than to glide over any particular detail. You do not charge me with gliding over the Collins-De Valera Pact, and you make no mention of it yourself, which leads me to believe that your memory is in need of refreshment. Your objections notwithstanding, England's threat of "immediate and terrible war" was used to stampede Dail Eireann into ratification of the articles of agreement. You will recall that the majority for ratification was very narrow—six or seven votes. But the point you miss is this: The people, who in 1918 gave Dail Eireann a mandate on the Proclamation of the Republic, were given no opportunity to reconsider or to withdraw that mandate, nor were the members of the I. R. A., who had been made to swear allegiance to the cause of the Irish Republic, who had been ordered to take life in the name of the Irish Republic and who had been exposed to all the terrors consequent upon the carrying out of these orders, allowed an opportunity to express their attitude. I put it to you that the ratification of the articles of agreement was null and void under the circumstances and was in no way binding upon the nation and, furthermore, that every member of Dail Eireann who voted for ratification violated his oath and automatically lost the sanction of the people who had elected him. Then came the events which you have overlooked. De Valera, as representing the republican members, and Collins, as representing the Free State members of the now nondescript assembly, arrived at the agreement known as the Collins-De Valera Pact, under which it was agreed to form a coalition, without prejudice to republican claims, until such time as the people would have an opportunity to express themselves for or against acceptance of the articles of agreement for a treaty. You will recall the pact elections held in May, 1922, and you will recall that three days before the date fixed for the initial meeting of the now coalition government Michael Collins, on the direct order of the British Cabinet, with rifles, artillery and munitions borrowed from the British military authorities, broke the pact and launched internal strife by attacking the Four Courts—General Headquarters of the I. R. A. You

cannot deny the fact that the Irish people have never yet been given an opportunity to reject the articles of agreement for a treaty foisted on them by force of arms. I am sure that you would not venture to assert that the people would willingly consent to the partition of their country.

It is heartening to note that, despite differences of opinion on various issues, you endorse the republican demand for a united Ireland. But why not be logical? It passes understanding how you can continue to support those who stand for the British connection, when it is a matter of common knowledge that the British connection means a divided Ireland.

Your sneer that republicans are tender-hearted on the subject of violent deaths is unworthy of you—and yet it cuts very close to the bone in a way that has not, perhaps, occurred to you. You know that the long list of republican dead shows that those who stood by the republic have never flinched from the sacrifice of their own lives. But consider how much bloodshed might have been averted had Cathal Brugha's colleagues listened to him when he counseled that the plenipotentiaries who had violated their instructions, in signing the articles for agreement, be arrested and court-martialled the moment they should set foot upon Irish soil. And again, do you think that the number of executions would ever have mounted to seventy-seven had the republican leadership of 1922-1923 been willing to face the realities of the situation and had they exacted a stiff price for the life of every republican prisoner executed? Were you to write, as you suggest—"The determination of the people to stand by the National Assembly, their only symbol of sovereignty, their only bulwark against recurring revolution, was sealed with the blood of Michael Collins, Kevin O'Higgins, Sean Hales, and many less-known men, put out of the way by the anti-democrats"—you would be writing something that you could not explain were you to devote your whole life to the task. Even if you refuse to admit it, you must know that the Free State assembly was in no sense a national assembly; that it was, in the strictest interpretation of the term a junta. And you know also that the people never had an opportunity of expressing their determination with regard to this assembly which usurped the name Dail Eireann as it usurped the tricolor of the republic. I must congratulate you, Sir, on having solved the mystery of the shooting of Kevin O'Higgins. So he was "put out of the way by the anti-democrats"! Well it's a relief to have that mystery off our minds, but unfortunately it gives rise to another. Where on earth are we going to look for these dreadful people?

You seem offended that I should mention that the junta acted on orders from Britain. Well, I was not the first to mention this delicate matter. You might read up the memoirs of Sir Neville McCready. And please don't confuse Ireland with the Free State. As to the other little matters in which you think I am trying to

hoodwink the good readers of THE COMMONWEAL, anybody may find them for himself in the Constitution of the Free State.

I am afraid, Sir, that the editor of THE COMMONWEAL would never allow me space to reply to all the points you raise. Why do you insist on quibbling? Like the ostrich that sticks its head in the sand you may fool yourself about the League of Nations, but it is improbable you will fool anybody else. Even if the League had not yet to justify its own existence, of what value is it to the Irish nation to know that a geographical fragment of Ireland is granted membership in the league as a unit of the British Empire?

You gloat over the fact that De Valera has, so far, not made any appreciable changes in the civil service machine. In view of the fact that this machine was organized by and is controlled by confidential British civil servants sent over by the British government in 1922, to "assist" the provisional government, it is a matter of grave concern that De Valera has so far effected no changes. It is not difficult to visualize the whole Fianna Fail administration coming under the control of the machine they are supposed to command, when we see a Free State judge invoke one of Mr. Cosgrave's coercion acts against two young men arrested recently in Dublin for activities in connection with the boycott of British goods. But, while changes may meet the exigencies of the moment, the ultimate object should be to smash the machine designed by English minds in the best interests of the empire and to set about the reconstruction of Irish national life, on Christian principles, and with no other interest than the absolute sovereignty of the nation.

"The formal connection with the Commonwealth of British Nations," you say, does not trouble you at all, because you believe that Ireland could never now be assimilated to English civilization, and that there is something of original genius in the country. May I suggest that the word "formal" is superfluous? Britain has no time to waste on "formal" connections. You are entitled to your opinion that Ireland could never now be assimilated to English civilization, but all the weight of the evidence is against you. The original genius of which you write is dying out, for it can never find adequate expression in a foreign language and literature and in the fetters of a foreign social order.

When you discover your unprincipled statesman who will repair disorder in Ireland I should like to be introduced, but I'm sure I should quarrel with him for your repairing has no significance for me. You are entirely too modest in your demands for Ireland.

In conclusion, Sir, I take the liberty of summarizing all I have left unsaid by quoting Thomas Davis:

"And now, Englishmen, listen to us! Though you were tomorrow to give us the best tenures on earth, though you were to equalize Presbyterian, Catholic and Episcopalian, though you were to give us the amplest representation in your Senate, though you were to restore our absentees, disencumber us of your debt, and redress every one of our fiscal wrongs, and though, in addition to all this, you plundered the treasuries of the world to

lay gold at our feet, and exhausted the resources of your genius to do us worship and honor—still we tell you, we tell you, in the names of liberty and country, we tell you, in the name of enthusiastic hearts, thoughtful souls and fearless spirits, we tell you by the past, the present, and the future, we would spurn your gifts, if the conditions were that Ireland should remain a province. We tell you, and all whom it may concern, come what may—bribery or deceit, justice, policy or war—we tell you, in the name of Ireland, that Ireland shall be a nation!"

MICEAL O'KIERSEY.

P.S. The referendum appears to have been mislaid. Perhaps Mr. Cosgrave could tell you something about it.

THESES AND TEACHERS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Congratulations on your correspondence section! I was delighted with the letters from Father Donnelly and Kevin Maughan. Father Donnelly's every premeditated utterance is made in the manner of a master. He is firm in the right and may he remain invincible unto the end.

Candidate Maughan should be advised to swallow his pride and take all the medicine prescribed for the doctorate, no matter how bitter it be. If he has any academic aspirations, he will find the parchment indispensable—*sine qua non*, as it were. Nothing else—no amount of talent and character and accomplishment, no amount of actual fruitful scholarship, no amount of fair fame—will admit him to the sacred circle of the self-select academicians. The standard Doctors form a high society, they constitute a trust, they maintain a monopoly. There is no crashing into this high society, no hope of busting this trust or undermining this monopoly.

What is in a name? Everything is in the name "Doctor." This is the new nominalism.

Will you allow me to reflect a bit more? Knowing Father Donnelly's classical learnings, I am reminded of Horace, with reference to university education. Now, the pillars of the academic trust might condescend to listen to Horace as a practical expert on verse—Latin verse only—but he could not pass as a real authority, not being a Doctor.

I think, however, that Horace is to be heeded as an excellent research counsellor. I read in the "Ars Poetica" ("Epistula ad Pisones"):

"Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit,
Abstulit venere et vino" (412-413).

Applying this to the present subject: The future scholar must in the first place work hard as a boy, in summer as well as in winter, and remain aloof from girls and drinking parties. He must have deep earnestness and a sound fundamental preparation.

Again, Horace advises:

"Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam
Viribus" (38-39).

Which I paraphrase as follows: Let no student undertake research that is beyond his powers, and let no professor attempt the unequal task of making scholars out of incompetents. For,

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non di, non homines, non concessere columnae" (372-373).

That is: The gods, and men, and halls of learning alike loudly protest against mediocre doctors of philosophy.

Talent and study are the two things that count:

"Ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium" (409-410).

And one more bit of wisest counsel: Read the masters (the "old stuff")! *Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna!* Read the old masters day and night, leaving no page unturned! One of our troubles is that apprentices strive to correct the masters.

I fear that this letter is not done in standard, scientific, academic style—but what of it?

CHARLES N. LISCHKA.

FREEDOM IN MEXICO

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editor: Herewith is a copy of a telegram which has recently been addressed to our government. The telegram explains itself.

"The Honorable Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.: Having noted with pleasure and gratification the action of the State Department relative to the reported ill-treatment of the Jews in Germany, we, the members of St. Francis Fraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis in San Francisco, representing 2,000 men and women, affiliated with the National Council of Catholic Men and Women, moved by the sad plight of our Catholic coreligionists in Mexico, who by reason of most unjust and discriminatory laws have been deprived of their inalienable rights, denied freedom of worship, subjected to gross insults and persecution, imprisonment and torture, forced to stand helplessly by while their clergymen are deported and assassinated, and their churches desecrated and confiscated, respectfully request our government to appeal to that of our neighboring nation for a termination of these abuses and a speedy restoration of the natural rights of the people.

"St. Francis Fraternity, Third Order of St. Francis,
"(Dr.) Chas. B. Hobrecht, Opt. D., Prefect."

May we urge that you give space to this message in your valued columns, and also request that you add a suggestion to all Catholics, whom you are able to reach through your publication, to urge their respective societies and groups to take similar action.

CHAS. B. HOBRECHT.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Comic Artist

AS THIS admirably written play by Susan Glaspell and Norman Matson progresses, one discovers many hidden implications in the misleading title. It is not a play about the young artist who has created a famous character for the newspaper comic strips, although he does play an important part. It is a play about a woman who has to defend the integrity of her home, and hesitates, in so doing, to interfere with the lives of others because of an inbred feeling that those who do interfere are always punished in the end, like the famous comic character her brother-in-law has created. Nature, or God, if you will, is the artist who brings retribution on the interfering ones, even when their interference is well intentioned.

This latter implication I do not like, for the simple reason that it is a shallow half-truth, bred in a spirit of irony rather than poetic justice. The feeling of the play as a whole is better balanced than this one idea which creeps into a few of the lines. In the comic strip, the main character always gets hit over the head in the last picture as the reward of his pains. But the woman, about whom the play centers, asks at one point, "What comes after the last picture?", and the play answers that question. It shows that the blow on the head is often merely to knock the false pride out of us, and that after that is once done we discover that it has been for our good, to help us reestablish values and to discover a matured happiness in our trials. It is rarely that I find it worth while to quarrel with the title of a play. Titles, as a rule, are supremely unimportant. But this one, for nearly two acts, distracts you from the real problem and purpose of the play, and, in the last act, fails to live up to the rich values established by the play itself. When a title is both distracting and inadequate, it can have a harmful and confusing effect on audience and critics alike. In the present instance, I have support for my view in the fact that not more than one or two of the newspaper reviews of the play seemed to catch its main theme, in spite of the fact that high tribute was paid to many scenes and incidents. Actually, it is among the three or four finest plays of the season.

The story is told in terms of five characters, Stephen Rolf, a painter, and his wife Eleanor, Karl Rolf, Stephen's brother and a well-established "comic artist," Karl's young wife, Nina, and Karl's mother-in-law, Luella McClure. Stephen is several years younger than his wife, Eleanor. They live quietly in Eleanor's ancestral and modest home on Cape Cod, with Eleanor mothering Stephen's erratic temperament. Their life is singularly full of peaceful understanding. Then first Luella McClure and later Karl and Nina drop in on them. Between Stephen and Karl there is a bond of deep affection. They are both, in a sense, boys who have never grown up, Stephen, as the elder, being the model on whom Karl bases every action of his life. Before long we learn that some years earlier, in Paris student days,

Stephen had loved Nina, that she was, in fact, his mistress until they quarreled. Partly in revenge, Nina had turned to Karl and married him. Stephen had hoped that this part of his life was forever behind him, but Nina's presence, in spite of his dislike for her obvious selfishness, stirs some of the old embers again.

As the situation is gradually revealed to Eleanor, incident by incident, the problem of the play becomes hers—how to protect both her husband and Karl. She knows that Stephen needs her, that their love is far deeper than anything he now feels or ever felt for Nina. She also knows that Karl is painfully sensitive, and she wants to protect him from disillusionment. But she cannot bring herself to interfere. In the broadest sense, her faith seems to be that those who are true to themselves will find others true to them. But circumstances are against her. She is at last stung into action, partly in wounded feminine pride, partly in defense of those she loves. She and Nina come to one of those feminine duels which seem to promise spiritual death to both. Nina is saved from threatened suicide, and leaves with her bewildered young husband after a bitter scene between the two brothers. When Eleanor and Stephen are at last alone again, their world seems reduced to ashes. The peace of their life has been broken, Stephen and Karl have been estranged. It is then that Eleanor asks what comes after the last picture. At last, by little more than a gesture, she gives her own answer. She and Stephen will find a way out—a way without words. The last moment of the play glows with a fine and mature understanding—a promise of victory caught up from apparent disaster.

A play of this sort demands restraint, atmosphere and interpretation by actors of unusual ability. Arthur Beckhard, the producer and director, has provided all of these essentials. Blanche Yurka, as Eleanor Rolf, gives one of the most penetrating characterizations of her career. It is thanks to her flawless art that the full meaning of the last silent moment of the play emerges triumphantly. Richard Hale's simple and unaffected handling of the unstable artist, Stephen, makes an extremely difficult part utterly believable. Robert Allen as the sensitive younger brother, Karl, establishes his place at once among the best of the juveniles. Lora Baxter is admirable in all the earlier scenes of the play. It is only in the last-act scene when she is pitted against Eleanor that she fails to carry conviction of her intention to kill herself. That scene should emerge as more than a well-calculated bluff. The play at this point needs the matching of two women of almost equal caliber. Lea Penman is suavely cynical as the youngish mother-in-law whose doctrine, in contrast to Eleanor's, is constant interference.

In these days when there are so few playwrights with the courage to write plays that indicate "a way out" and a hard way at that, "The Comic Artist," in spite of its confusing and harmful title, takes rank among the finer and more serious products of the theatre. Many of its lines have rare quality and perception. Above all, it is a play that does not admit defeat and that pays high tribute to the power and the virtue of courage. (At the Empire Theatre.)

BOOKS

Carolina's Best

Beauregard, the Great Creole, by Hamilton Basso. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

MR. BASSO'S fascinating biography, fascinating in spite of the author's apparent distaste for dates, is a book which will appeal not only to students of the Civil War, but to all persons who are interested in the psychology of race. For in a war of Anglo-Saxons, Pierre Gustave Toutant-Beauregard was a Latin in every fiber of his being. He was a Latin by blood and by early training, a Latin, too, even in his school days in New York, where he attended a French academy presided over by two former officers of Napoleon, and by them steeped in the spirit of the *Grande Armée*. Though he later went to West Point and graduated near the top of his class, the training of that institution, while it intensified his French love of logic, failed utterly to crush his French love of glory and of rhetoric.

Beauregard was intensely loyal to the South, but he simply did not "belong" in spirit to those who controlled the destinies of the Confederacy. Despite Louisiana and Richmond and Charleston, the great mass of Southerners and even of their leaders were dominated by the Puritan tradition. That Beauregard should have disliked Jefferson Davis and been disliked by him went deeper than the mere fact that Beauregard in true Napoleonic fashion was an apostle of the attack, while Davis held obstinately to the defensive. Their mutual antipathy was almost a corollary of their difference of race. They belonged to different religions, to different civilizations.

Yet looking back upon it we see now that in his strategy Beauregard was right, though at two crucial moments, at Manassas and at Shiloh, he failed to practise what he preached. Perhaps in the former battle the complication of a divided command partially excuses him, and at Shiloh the exhaustion of his men was extreme, but at neither time did he show the final touch of a Bonaparte or even of a Foch. Yet his defense of Charleston was magnificent, and his victories at Bermuda Hundred and Petersburg bore the stamp of genius. History will surely place him among the ablest commanders of the South.

In his "Beauregard" Mr. Basso takes his place as a writer to be admired and a biographer possessed of insight and a fine sense of balance. While sympathizing with the Creole general he recognizes his weaknesses and the fact that for weal or woe America, both North and South, has chosen the Anglo-Saxon tradition. He offers many new facts and incorporates them perfectly into his story, and above all he knows how to write. There are at times slight leanings to the Stracheyan influence which he may in the future have to guard against. His dislike of dates is perhaps one of these. But he is never dull, he takes no liberties with fact, and he makes no special pleadings. From his volume Beauregard emerges a living, breathing figure, an egotist, but a patriot and not a little of a hero—in short, a Creole of the grand tradition.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Bohemia Betrayed

Garrets and Pretenders, by Albert Parry. New York: Covici-Friede. \$3.50.

THIS is an outsider's history of bohemianism in the United States. This particular outsider is a sincere Russian Communist. He dislikes bohemians because they do not seriously devote themselves to social revolution. He assumes at the beginning of his book that only those who are insane or are pathologically addicted to drink are true bohemians; others are pretenders. So his story is a long series of horrid examples done in the style of imputing to others motives much meaner than one's own or those of the average of human kind. The formula, I believe, is on its last legs; it has been very fashionable, but it has been overworked. Mr. Parry is not vicious about the people he has searched out of obscurity, just mildly pained. He presents many interesting, some lurid, incidents that he has dug up from old newspaper files and old magazines which even his lack of sympathy cannot dull.

As for those serious artists who have been bohemians simply because art rarely pays enough for one to be anything else and those others, equally earnest, who have found that art and *joie de vivre* went hand in hand, Mr. Parry not being able to understand them, gives no hint of their company, nor of their private, and decent, and often beautiful arcana. That is just too bad.

And as for that old pornographers' myth about the immorality of artists, anyone who seriously believes that they are as a class more immoral according to any standards than, say, bond salesmen, as a class, or Bolshevik commissars, or farmers, or factory hands, or magnates, is either inclined to speak without thinking or has not been around much. Also it is small and ungenerous not to comprehend that—in this crowded and diverse world where many are called but few are chosen for the heights in their selected careers, again no matter whether they are artists or Bolshevik bureaucrats—the many are not contemptible "camp-followers," but are citizens in their own right, in myriad diverse aspects, of the citadel of life. In art, without their specially schooled intelligence, without their dedication of themselves, their appreciation, and their leavening of the mass of people who are only occasionally and distantly interested in art, great reputations would not be made; and the weight of evidence is fairly conclusive in history, that where they do not exist, great art itself is neglected and not made.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

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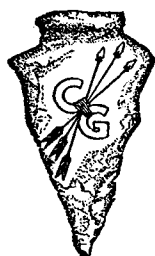
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Mr. Geddes happily combines many of the best instincts of the engineer with the sweeping and leaping creative impulses of the artist. Many years ago, he became dissatisfied with the limitations imposed by purely theatrical design, and began to explore other fields, such as industry, sales display, housing and transportation. The present book gives the results of years of experimentation and research, and, by illustration, many striking comparisons between the world of yesterday in its lack of design and the world of the immediate future in which an inner spirit of design, starting from a base of practicality, will serve the double purpose of added beauty and greater utility.

The author has not confined the book to a display of his own ideas for design, and is quickly generous in giving examples of the work of others seeking similar objectives. The book is a rare combination of philosophy, utilitarianism and creative prophecy. It covers not only transportation improvements in all forms, but also problems of individual housing, theatres and amusement centers, restaurant architecture, the elimination of factory ugliness, the design of products for merchandising, window display and scores of provocative suggestions concerning many humble articles of daily use in office and home. Unlike many artists of the past, Mr. Geddes sees in design something more than inherent beauty of line. He sees in the growth of design today an integral part of the gigantic process of man's mastery of the machine. To use his own words, "By the middle of the present century, I anticipate that we shall have begun consciously to achieve that complete mastery of the machine which is today a more or less unconscious goal. By that time, it will be one of the profoundest facts of our existence. It will make for our greater peace and contentment and yield not only purely physical but aesthetic and spiritual satisfaction." In a world that has lost all idea of using a human measuring stick or standard for progress, it is infinitely refreshing to have a man of Mr. Geddes's distinguished ability speak of "peace and contentment" of human beings as a goal toward which his creative ideas of progress are directed. This book is an exceedingly valuable contribution toward a deeper understanding of the powerful material, spiritual and intellectual currents of our day.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Mining

The Machine Age in the Hills, by Malcolm Ross.
New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

WE HAVE here a very interesting description of the problems raised by the substitution of machinery for men in one industry in one part of the United States. The industry is soft coal mining; the region is Kentucky and West Virginia. In the opinion of the author, the problem is "far more special than anything which distressed farmers or urban millhands must meet." Nevertheless, the main features of this special problem are typical of the distress, confusion and helplessness which follow in other great industries when technological

changes produce chronic unemployment and underemployment. The far-reaching effects of such changes are powerfully illustrated by this book, inasmuch as the machines themselves have not yet been introduced into the soft coal mines of Kentucky and West Virginia. Because they have been introduced into the mines in other regions, competition in the mines of these two states has been intensified and unemployment has increased.

The book describes in a comprehensive and concrete way the living and working conditions of this mountain people and presents eighteen very informative photographs. It also tells the story of the beginnings and development of coal mining in this region and of the changes thereby produced in the lives of the inhabitants. It describes the bloody labor troubles which have been more or less continuous there from 1920 to 1932. Almost every phase of the recital is depressing and parts of it are repulsive. As a whole, the record constitutes a profound indictment of our economic and social practices and principles. A great natural resource was developed and put into operation with no attempt to provide security of employment or to prevent overproduction and little attention to the human needs of the workers. As a consequence, their condition in all the essentials of welfare is worse today than it was before coal was mined in that region. As the author remarks, "It remained for the machine age to give a taste of happiness to an entire people and then to leave them both in need and lacking the saving tonic of work." In the last fifteen pages, the author offers some suggestions for improving the

almost hopeless condition of these miners and their families: control of the product and sales of coal; organization of labor and assumption by the union of the task of educating and civilizing its members; provision of partial or entire employment for surplus labor on the land of that region in food raising and reforestation; equipment of the numerous mountain streams with power devices for small woodturning mills and other local instruments of production; application of science to the coal industry so as to develop all the possible uses of coal and adoption of the English practice of taxing coal a penny a ton to provide the elementary means of medical care, recreation and other forms of welfare for the miners.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Exciting Experimentation in Verse

Elbows of the Wind, by A. M. Sullivan. New York: The Kingsley Press. \$2.00.

IN SPITE of the matchless excitement of these times, most of our poets and pretenders at poetry write only of their private griefs and passions, and breathe only of the poppy of nostalgia for the past. All experimentation, therefore, toward putting the pulse of the present day into poetry, is valuable. A. M. Sullivan (some of whose work has appeared in THE COMMONWEAL) has a nose not only for poppy and rose, but for factory-smoke, lubricating oil on swift machinery, acrid dust of the city; an ear not only for bird-song, nor only for the inner voice of private emotion, but for the roar of the wind in the



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NEXT WEEK

THE MORAL LAW IN GOVERNMENT, by Frank Murphy, Mayor of the City of Detroit, is a simple, hard-fisted, high-spirited political paper. He considers the fundamental proposition of whether it is a function of government to take care of the destitute—a problem facing our community as perhaps never before—and with the full appreciation of what he says borne in on him by his own practical experience, he agrees vigorously with Leo XIII that such care “is government’s whole reason for existence.” This is a splendid new appreciation of government as a social contract for the safeguarding of the whole community. Read this article and be encouraged by the type of thinking of the leaders that America is turning out in her hour of need . . . FARMERS TURN GANGSTER, by Ernest A. Dewey, is a vivid account written from the scene of action of the widespread revolt of farmers against their pauperization and the dispossession in our times of vast numbers of our citizens from their own country. This is told with facts as well as color . . . HITLERISM AND RELIGION, by Michael Williams, is an informative analysis which is bound to give the reader a firmer grasp of fundamentals which have controlled, and will control, developments in Germany . . . RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA, by M. Grattan O’Leary, reviews events which may very likely lead up to a sensible arrangement for an exchange of commodities between two next-door neighbors.

canyons of New York, the rumble of the subway, the screech of brakes and honk of horns, the all-pervading murmur of human sounds where myriads pass; an eye not only for mountain and meadow, but for skyscraper and store-window and busy street.

Mr. Sullivan does more than sit down occasionally to practise a prim and life-evading art of delicate verse-spinning. It is obvious that he carries a poet’s quick eye, a poet’s endless curiosity, a poet’s capacity for constant excitement, around with him in all his daily voyaging of city streets. He lives, first of all; and what he writes are thoughts squeezed out of full living and days not without labor, and set down perhaps often hurriedly. His is a bristling kind of poetry. If it were less alive and sincere, less disarming with the large innocence of the true poet, it would invite criticism often enough for its lack of suavity, its cavalier treatment of, for instance, the essential matter of rhythm. Somewhat as Alice’s Humpty-Dumpty compelled words to mean what he wished them to mean, A. M. Sullivan compels rhythms to serve him somehow though he wastes little time smoothing them down; but the force of his thought is strong enough to drive through awkward lines like a tractor forcing its way over rough going.

More than a versifier is A. M. Sullivan: a real poet, a curious questioner of life, a bit of a wise man. His book is exciting and full of original turns of thought.

SHAEMAS O’SHEEL.

A Standard Work

Der Grosse Herder. Volume 5: Ganter-Hochrelief. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$9.50.

WITH each new volume of the fine new German Catholic general encyclopaedia which has several times been noticed in these pages, one’s appreciation of the work done by the Herders increases. Indeed there seems to be steady improvement. As has been noted, the articles are usually brief, supplying just such information as an encyclopaedic dictionary can provide. This leaves room in particular for many biographical sketches, most of which are accompanied with excellent photographs. Up-to-the-minute in every respect, the present volume includes such familiar figures as Hitler and Gide, together with longer articles on such important personages as Goethe and Grünewald. The concerns of a technical age are served with well-illustrated discussions of topics like glass-making, money and rubber. Among the subjects of cultural interest dealt with succinctly but inclusively are Gothic and Greek.

Having now had opportunity to use the published volumes in a practical way, I do not hesitate to declare that any American who knows German will find this encyclopaedia a great boon. Of course it would be possible to pick out questionable statements here, there and yonder. No work of man is perfect. “Der Grosse Herder” is, however, so carefully made and so attractive that as a whole it challenges comparison with anything done in the realm of Catholic book-making during recent decades. May it prove very popular despite the times!

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Briefer Mention

The French Revolution and Napoleon, by Leo Gershoy.
New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. \$5.00.

PROFESSOR GERSHOY'S book is designed for use in the advanced college course, and has genuine merits of arrangement and lucidity. As might be expected from a disciple of the school of Carl Becker, the general view taken follows Aulard pretty closely. On the whole, the record of events, painstakingly written, is marred by frequent overstatements of inference. When, for example, he says that religious communities uncontaminated by the "world" were "rare," he obviously fails to distinguish between communities of men and communities of women. What starts out to be a calmly reasoned statement of the Church's position usually ends in a half-concealed jibe. It is also not correct to say that Taine's work has "long lost its authority as a work of scholarship but may well be read for its literary merit." Taine has no more literary merit than Mathiez, but one thinks him a sorry scholar who fails to note the range of Taine's hypothesis or to study the effect it has on later theories of the Revolution. These are samples of unfortunate misstatements, dictated by a too cocksure temperament, which mar an otherwise very useful book.

The Mis-Education of the Negro, by Carter Godwin Woodson. Washington: The Associated Publishers. \$2.00.

THE AUTHOR of this little treatise on Negro education is in a huff about several things and probably gives vent to more indignation than is altogether fitting. Nevertheless this is—and we mean it—one of the most sensible and practical books about education which has appeared in this country for a long while. Listen to this: "In schools of journalism Negroes are being taught how to edit such metropolitan dailies as the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Times*, which would hardly hire a Negro as a janitor; and when these graduates come to the Negro weeklies for employment they are not prepared to function in such establishments, which, to be successful, must be built upon accurate knowledge of the psychology and philosophy of the Negro." Useful criticism, even if you take out the word, "Negro"! On the whole, Mr. Woodson's program calls for many modifications of reigning theory and practice, at least some of which seem to us admirably sensible.

The Physical Dimensions of Consciousness, by Edwin G. Boring. New York: The Century Co. \$2.25.

TAKING physical science to be the model for psychophysical investigation, the author of the present book (which appears in the Century Psychological Series) offers the relational theory of consciousness as an explanation of the problems created by "adimensionalism." Essentially the volume expounds a hypothesis designed to supplant parallelism with something which conserves the same philosophical point of view.

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The March of Democracy: Volume II, by James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

MR. ADAMS is a facile writer whose opinions are normally moderate and sensible. Just why he should have entitled this popular restatement of United States history "The March of Democracy" is a little unclear, but his prose does go wheeling and tramping along like a squad of healthy infantrymen. In character and format the book reminds one not a little of the "Pageant of America" series. Both are notable for illustrative material derived from authentic sources, and for a desire to stress those points in the narrative which possess human interest. For example, Mr. Adams deals with two great wars and a minor one, but his chronicle of battles is hardly more than encyclopaediasque. Personalities interest him much more, and here one must be prepared for personal if interesting verdicts. The portrait of Mr. Wilson is the best in the book, because the author juggles lights and shadows like an expert magician. Stonewall Jackson was "one of the finest characters which the Scotch-Irish strain in our nation has produced," and the mediocrity of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet was relieved by the willingness of Mr. Page to serve as ambassador to the Court of King James's. This is by no means a great history, but it is a good one and it will doubtless be widely read.

Jess Roundtree, Texas Ranger, by Dane Coolidge. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

THIS is the story of the heroic efforts of a group of Texas rangers, in the 1800's, to locate a nest of outlaws and bring law and order to a section of the country terrorized by organized crime. It is a typical Dane Coolidge tale of love, intrigue and daring adventure on the Western frontier. Here are the familiar plot formulas and stock characters of popular fiction, but with one advantage: the background is authentic and certain of the episodes are, without doubt, historically true.

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